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WILLIAM G. C. GLADSTONE

A MEMOIR

Πάντας γὰρ αὐτοὺς δεῖ λιπεῖν ἀμηγέπη
ὅπου δὲ τῆς γῆς τῷ χρόνῳ ποίῳ τρόπῳ,
θέσθαι ἐς τὸ μηδέν, εἰ καλῶς μόνον πάρα.
Πῶς οὖν τὸν εὖ θανόντα θρηνεῖσθαι πρέπει;

W. H. Gladstone.

25*th March* 1858.

We must all die,
All leave ourselves; it matters not where, when,
Nor how, so we die well: and can that man that
does so
Need lamentation for him?

Beaumont and Fletcher,
Valentinian.

Chidley, Chester

W. G. C. GLADSTONE, 1915

WILLIAM G. C. GLADSTONE

A MEMOIR

BY

VISCOUNT GLADSTONE

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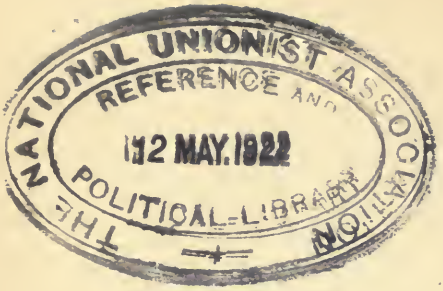

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I

BOYHOOD

THOUSANDS of our best and bravest have fallen in the Great War and many thousands will survive; some so maimed or shattered that life can offer little or no attraction. All alike, let it not be forgotten, offered their lives for their country.

Far into the future will stretch the effects of the War. And as we peer into its dim vistas, with nerve centres dulled by continuous tension, we realise that it is a common duty to preserve for the nation, for all its component parts to the humblest family, in every locality, the pure gold from the furnace, the lofty enthusiasm, the heroic deeds, the untold sacrifices of thousands who have dared and suffered. To those who have died the crown has been given. But in this world they can neither act nor speak. The record of their lives is dear to the relatives and friends whom they have left. Is it invidious to

write about some when so many rest beyond the world's ken, unsung, in distant, perhaps unknown yet always honoured graves, or in ocean depths? It is scarcely necessary to answer the question. Generations to come will, we hope and pray, gain peace and security through the sacrifices of our young men, and the story of them must not be left to mere tradition. High and typical examples ought, wherever possible, to be recorded in their actuality. We know our debt, but those unborn must also know it. Through sacrifice alone are born the higher standards, the wider horizons, progress to ideals. The records of sacrifice are our best tribute to the memory of young heroes.

They speak to us:—

> 'Do thou the deeds I died too young to do.'

Those of us who have not been called upon to join in active war service are proud beyond words of those near and dear who, for duty's sake, left all; and looking back to our own youthful days of safety, comfort, and bright unclouded anticipation, we wonder, in doubt and humiliation, whether we could have risen

as they rose. It is a great, stern, ennobling lesson. It is a lesson for all time, and so, when the opportunity comes, let it be handed on in words measured and true.

Numbers of those who have died were men of brilliant intellectual powers. In the memoirs already published, or privately printed, are letters and writings which reveal thoughts and views on great matters, aspirations, outlook and ideals. Many had already made their mark in the profession or occupation of their choice. Their own words tell the story. There are others, less gifted intellectually, but not less remarkable because of character and action, whose thoughts are but scantily recorded in written or spoken words. Yet in these cases character and action often bear the impress of very special qualities, and form a basis for deductions scarcely less valuable than written words. And this is true of William Glynne Charles Gladstone.

Will's father, William Henry Gladstone, the eldest son of W. E. Gladstone, married Gertrude, the youngest daughter of the 12th Lord Blantyre, in 1875. Will was born on 14th July 1885, when his grandfather had just resigned

the office of Prime Minister in his second administration.

His father built the Red House in 1884. It stands on an eminence close to the village of Hawarden, commanding a beautiful view of the Old Castle and woods of Hawarden. Here the family lived till after the death of Mr. Gladstone in 1898, when they moved to the Castle.

In 1891 W. H. Gladstone died—a man of scholarly intellect, wise, generous, retiring, most lovable. Will was only six, and a great burden of responsibility fell on his mother. He was a delightful boy, responding freely to her love and devotion, and of a disposition that gave no trouble. But his high spirits and love of outdoor life, of riding and, later, of shooting, endangered a delicate constitution and required the closest attention. When nearly thirteen he went to Mr. Dobie's preparatory school at Heswall, within easy reach of Hawarden, but for reasons of health he did not leave his home surroundings for Eton till he was nearly fourteen. Up to that time he lived at home with his mother and his two sisters, and his later development showed that, owing to his mother's wisdom and insight, the quiet and almost too tender surroundings of

his boyhood did not impair the growth of a most notable character.

When he was nine he asked for a Bible. His mother, thinking it best for a beginning, gave him a New Testament. Will was not at all satisfied, and so the Bible was given to him. The Bible was in singular degree the foundation of his character. He read it regularly, marking the passages which struck him. It was his constant companion. No one, not even his mother, knew what it was to him throughout his life. It is rare, indeed, to find a boy who in complete privacy reads and studies the Bible. The Psalms had a special hold on him, and in scarcely less degree Job, Proverbs, Isaiah, some of the shorter Epistles and the Revelation. All the leading passages on purity, peace, rectitude, fortitude, self-sacrifice, quietness, justice, mercy, faithfulness, personal conduct and duty to God, are marked. The higher criticism did not appear to interest him. No passage, not even in Wisdom, Ecclesiastes, the Song of Solomon and Isaiah, is marked for its purely literary beauty. He re-read carefully, pencilling out his own marks if a passage did not seem to convey a sufficient lesson. The Bible is the key to his

character. But he never talked about it. The nickname, 'Saint,' so readily given at school, was never given to him. Nothing in his talk or letters revealed his inner springs. But moral truths and a never-wavering belief in God held him from the first, and guided him from day to day. No one knew of the sheet-anchor which held his soul pure and strong. To the family generally he was a captivating English boy, full of spirits and fun, in his own circles something even of a rowdy, yet always of perfect manners and intensely keen on everything which attracts healthy-minded lads. During his schooldays his Uncle Harry and I, when at home, always went to luncheon at the Red House on Sundays, and invariably came the bear fight with Will—an encounter which the progress of time made more and more arduous for the older generation. For Will, though growing too fast for constitutional strength, inherited no small share of his father's great muscular power. He loved the rough and tumble when he could get it. There was no trace of effeminacy in him.

In 1899 he went to Mr. Donaldson's house at Eton. No better choice of a tutor could have been made, and he soon came into the whole

swing of school life. Cricket, football, fives he enjoyed to the full. He was a thorough Etonian. His seriousness of purpose and his strong undeviating sense of duty prevented him from neglecting his work, but he was much hampered by his health. Though in this respect there was a steady improvement, much physical and mental effort could not be conjoined, and this placed him at a disadvantage.

At Michaelmas 1901, Mr. A. C. Benson sent in this report:—

'Div. C^2.

'Classical Report from Michaelmas School-time, 1901

'Name: Gladstone. This boy has worked throughout the half with extraordinary patience, diligence and goodwill. He is stronger in mechanical work at present than in original work; *i.e.* work prepared beforehand is always better than work in which he is thrown on to his own resources. He construes well; his saying-lesson is a remarkable performance; he has always learnt the maximum allowed, and, I think, only twice failed to obtain full marks. History prepared for school equally remarkable; he must have a very strong and tenacious memory. His Latin Prose is a little weak.

Translations and Greek Exercises fair. Written English work excellent, and he has done me some careful original compositions, with an interesting knack of description. His writing is too small and oddly shaped—spelling not perfect. His notes in school show attention and considerable intelligence. Conduct and behaviour absolutely irreproachable. I have thought very highly of this quiet, sensible, friendly boy, with his self-possessed, amiable manner and his steady diligence. I hope he will learn to use and not be overwhelmed by his fine and serviceable memory. It has been a great pleasure to me for many reasons to have him in my division, and I can only say that the pleasure has been absolutely undimmed by any sort of wish that things should be otherwise. It is a most creditable performance; he gets a division prize, and leaves on my mind a very pleasant impression, both of liking and respect.

'*Signature of Master*, A. C. BENSON.'

And in May 1915, after Will's death, Mr. Donaldson, the Master of Magdalene College, Cambridge, at the request of the Rev. E. S. G. Wickham, Will's cousin and a close friend at Oxford, wrote this recollection:—

'Will Gladstone came to my House at Eton in the summer of 1899, and was placed middle

fourth. He ended his time with me on my leaving Eton, July 1904, in the Second Division, being then 2nd Captain of the House. From first to last his character was *sans peur et sans reproche*. I have been looking through my notes on the reports I sent home to his mother at the end of each half, and nearly always I find "Gladstone—very good as usual." I transcribe the last report I have of him, sent July 1904, "Gladstone v. good; has worked capitally for his Certificate (Oxford and Cambridge Examination), and pleased me much in every way." I find we had a difference of opinion during the Christmas half of 1903, about some small matter of discipline in the House, but that is the only occasion during his five years at Eton that I have recorded anything approaching blame in his terminal reports. He lost a good deal of time through ill-health, readily succumbing to epidemics, and often lacking vigour and robustness. All the more credit to him that he persevered so conscientiously with his work, refusing to give in, and making the best use of his opportunities. His was truly a gentle soul, true as steel and pure as gold. Withal a strong character, filled with a sense of responsibility and fearless in doing what seemed to him to be right. Of my old pupils he was among those whom I loved best, and I mourn for him as for a son. I prepared him for Confirmation in Lent

1901, and, as was my usual custom, asked him on the eve of it to write in my book some text which might best sum up the thoughts of his mind at that solemn time. He wrote this :—

' " William Glynne Charles Gladstone. Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusted in Thee." '

II

OXFORD

WILL went to New College, Oxford, in October 1904. Already he seemed to have decided on a political career. On Home Rule and the main tenets of the Liberal party his mind had not openly declared itself. Yet very soon his views took definite shape, and he set to work to train himself for public life. What was the mental process? It is thus described by Mr. Humphrey Paul, one of his most intimate friends at New College :—

'I was myself always puzzled as to whether he had the power of really thinking out a question for himself. As regards Liberalism, I should say that he never gave his mind to it till he came up to Oxford, and that he then approached it with what he intended and believed to be a properly open mind; but of course the natural and inevitable bias of his mind was towards his grandfather's opinions. . . . I often thought of *L'Aiglon* [1] in connection

[1] Edmond Rostand's play on the Duc de Reichstadt.

with him. But he was not conscious of the rôle himself; he had no melodrama in him; and he certainly held his opinions because he thought they were true, not merely because they were hereditary. The *Life*[1] had a great deal to do with the rapidity with which he formed them; the combined eloquence of the author and greatness of the character described swept him off his feet.'

Later, at his first public political meeting, Will gave his own explanation: 'I am a Liberal both by temperament and conviction.'

He joined the Union, and the subject of his first speech was Lord Milner's South African policy. 'What really made me speak,' he writes to his mother, 'was the conviction that the earlier you begin the more you are excused.' He wrote out his speech, 'sacrificed Hall and practised diligently.' Careful preparation became a habit. His notes were boiled down to a brief compass on a small card, but his excellent memory kept him true to what he intended to say. He soon became a prominent figure in the Union Debates, and in succession became Secretary, Treasurer, and Librarian. In March 1906, when he was Secretary he wrote:—

[1] Lord Morley's *Biography of Mr. Gladstone.*

'I am Undergraduate Secretary of the Free Trade League, which must be reorganised. I am Junior Treasurer of the Palmerston. I may be President or Secretary again of the Shaftesbury. I may very likely be President of the XX Club. We are thinking of forming a Welsh Society, of which I might be either Treasurer or Secretary.'

There is no mistaking the keenness and reality of these varied activities. His sense of duty and his devotion to it kept him at Oxford and at all times on a singularly direct course. 'There is the lesson of his life so far as we can see it, but written unmistakably for us to learn and inwardly digest, the conscientious pursuit of duty. Was not this the chief point of his life and character? and could there be a higher one? Not the mere inspiration of a moment, and the brave obedience to a sudden call such as often came to uplift a man to a nobler life; but the habitual desire to know what a man ought to do, day by day, and growingly through life; and then the effort under all sorts of difficulties, distractions, and temptations to do that duty, cost him what it may.' [1]

[1] From a sermon preached by the Rev. S. E. Gladstone in Hawarden Church on 25th April 1915.

The question of the Schools and the length of his stay at Oxford arose. He came of age in 1906, and had to face Hawarden obligations. He had every prospect of being President of the Union the following year, and he was in doubt whether his own strong inclinations did not conflict with his duty to Hawarden.

'29.4.06.

'My dear Uncle Herbert,—Will you give me your advice about my staying a fourth year up here?

'If I stay three years, I shall take Schools, have a fair chance of Presidency of Union, and shall be President of the Palmerston, all in my last term. My tutor says I should get a fourth (History) under those circumstances.

'The objection to a fourth year is Hawarden management.

'Do you think the claims of Hawarden outweigh advantages of a fourth year?

'Sorry to trouble you with such an egotistical letter.—Yours ever, Will. Gladstone.'

Our advice was definitely in favour of a fourth year's residence.

Will's political activities had chiefly occupied his mind hitherto, and he himself realised the

advantage of a year's steady work for the History School.

This question decided, he set to work to make sure of what was the height of his Oxford ambition—the Presidency of the Union.

In November 1906, there was a debate at the Union on a vote of no confidence in the Liberal Government, and Mr. George Wyndham took part. In a letter to Mrs. Drew he wrote :—

'I want to tell you that the young Squire of Hawarden did very well. He was by far the best of the four speakers (Wyndham, Neville-Talbot, Villiers, Gladstone.) Talbot was good, straight, burly, and in earnest. Villiers gave a polished, fluent little discourse. But the young Squire has the root of the matter in him. He debated; put his case; came into contact with reality, was at ease and without mannerism of any kind. I "debated" his speech, and we are embalmed together in the *Times* this morning.'

In the following year Will, now a convinced Home Ruler, was elected President. Mr. Redmond was invited to be the chief speaker on the question 'That in the opinion of this House,

Ireland should have the right to manage its own affairs.'

The Union has, at any rate till recent years, been noted for its staunch Conservatism, and the result of the voting was a very interesting indication of the great advance of opinion on the Irish question in the country generally. Will was a proud man when he announced the figures :—

For the Motion . .	359
Against	226
Majority for the Motion .	133

During his fourth year, Will read steadily for the History School and was placed in the Second Class.

What were the formative influences of Oxford on his mind ? Mr. Humphrey Paul wrote thus of his career to the editor of the *Westminster Gazette* :—

'While the death of Will Gladstone at the front has touched the imagination of the world, it will come as a peculiar shock to those of us who had watched the development of the shy, nervous, rather awkward Eton boy into the

self-possessed, spirited, and independent man. Much as his future interested his friends, and much as they speculated as to what his ultimate capacity would prove to be, none of us guessed, till a few months ago, that the last scene of his activity would be the battlefield, and that his ambition would be baffled by a nobler destiny.

'To the public Will Gladstone was as yet only a name, though a name full of promise and expectancy. They were curious to see what this eager young man, the grandson and successor of his famous namesake, was capable of doing. Was he equal to his opportunity? Had he ambition? Had he ability? Could he tide the storms of modern politics, even more tempestuous than those which taxed the old campaigner's mettle? These questions must remain unanswered. He leaves no mark in history. His place is in the hall of heroes.

'But to his friends he will always remain a singularly charming figure. To a man less modest, less tactful, less attractive, the unique position to which he was born might have been fatal, leaving him no choice between pomposity and insignificance. But Will Gladstone was not pompous and would not have been insignificant. Without genius or "the thews that throw the world," he had a clearness of judgment and a

sweetness and generosity of character which made their mark at Oxford, impressed the House of Commons, and would have told upon his phlegmatic countrymen as they got to know him. It was not only his gift of speech and his excellent voice which gained him the Presidency of the Union. Though not a dominating personality, he was some one. People listened when he spoke—not to a public entertainer, but to a young man who had a torch to keep burning and fuel for the flame. There was a quality about him which was distinctively his own.

'Those who were intimate with him knew that this was in large measure due to the wise foresight which had taught him no political opinion at home. There was nothing here of the weary commonplace, the dull prejudice, the stale, unreal enthusiasm which most men bring with them to Oxford, and out of which only a shining few cut their way to sanity and sense. Will Gladstone came to Oxford with an open mind, anxiously hoping that it might turn out that his grandfather and the Liberal Party were right, but honestly not pretending to know whether they were or not. Quickly as he arrived at Liberalism, he did arrive there for himself. Here lay the secret of his unique distinction—here and in the tenderness and charm of his nature. To those who knew his devotion

to the memory of his grandfather and his earnest wish to walk humbly in his footsteps, coupled with his determination to form his own opinion, to be right as well as loyal, to serve the truth and not merely the tomb, he remains a very particular figure on the scroll of time.'

University life fertilises in varying degrees any mind which has aspirations and a sense of duty. Will's interests were not scholastic. He placed the Presidency of the Union above even a first class, training himself for the one at the expense of his chances for the other. He came to Oxford with what he honestly believed to be an open mind, and the quick probing intercourse with men of all sorts, senior and junior, soon compelled him to formulate views which sub-consciously came naturally to him. He was always a good listener. The intellectual atmosphere and his own history reading raised and widened his outlook. All that is best in Oxford confirmed and strengthened his personal religion. 'He was the most Christlike man among us,' wrote the Rev. G. E. Troup, one of his intimate friends. And this is borne out by the numerous

letters received by his mother in 1915. Against moral taint of any sort he was impervious, and the simple directness of his religious life was a source of inspiration to all with whom he was associated. His friends loved him for his goodness and unselfishness. One of them, Mr. Armour, also a leading member of the Union, wrote, 'I remember when I was suffering from a deadly fever he was almost the only visitor who ventured out to a lonely isolation hospital. I cannot tell how much kindness I received from him; the memory of it is very precious to me.'

Will's friends never forgot him, for he never forgot them. And what a gap there is in the character of most people in allowing friendships to lapse. The memory of Will was a rich one; 'it takes me back,' wrote Mr. Troup, 'to the Palmerston Club, when fifteen or twenty undergraduates used to meet in each other's rooms to hear a paper on some current question, most often connected with the fortunes of the poor, and to discuss it. Among them were some whom he called his friends, to whom his friendship in the intervening days has meant so much, and to them the world can never be

quite the same again. Some of that circle entered Parliament on one side or the other. The others sought other careers, and to them the joy of going to London lay largely in the small reunions which Gladstone arranged for them at the House. He loved to do so, for if he was shy among strangers, he was so much at home among his friends and, having made a friendship, he made it for life.'

He made and kept his friends, and the reason stands out in a letter from Lord Eustace Percy to Mrs. W. H. Gladstone :—

'Will and I were friends ever since Eton, but I had seen little of him since we lived together at Washington. I knew him too well to be able to put my thoughts about him into words, but in America I saw how quickly he impressed himself on strange surroundings—how none could miss his serenity and unselfishness. He was the best, because the quietest, influence upon the lives of his friends, and of no one else that I have ever known could it be so truly said that "he was of purer eyes than to behold iniquity."

'To one at least of his friends it seems out of place to think of all that he would have accomplished in this life ; he was one of those of

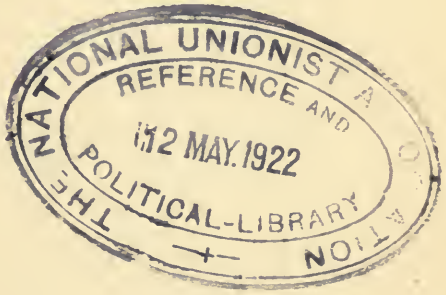
whom the only thought can be what he *will* accomplish.'

'He grew in character as he grew in knowledge,' wrote Mr. Matheson, one of the tutors of New College. And Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, now Minister of Education, thus sums up his Oxford career:—

'He was a man of great charm, simplicity of character, and of an old-fashioned courtesy, which recalled the manner of his illustrious grandfather. He was exact in the performance of his duties, conspicuously modest, and resolutely bent on self-improvement. By careful study he made himself a clear and agreeable speaker, and though he would have been the last to lay claim to any exceptional gifts of intellect he had the kind of sagacity which serves a man well in the ordinary commerce of life.'

Everything in Oxford was congenial to Will. Its traditions, its detachment from the world, its intellectual life, its opportunities for physical and mental development, the fascination of its friendships, the opening out of future opportunities, and the discipline of the Schools

were all constructive elements in a character destined to face so soon not only the ordinary commerce of life, but the supreme call of duty with its momentous issues of life and death.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III

THE HAWARDEN ESTATE

WILL came of age in 1906. The occasion was celebrated with much local enthusiasm, and the events of it were duly recorded in the Press.

During the fifteen years of his minority the estate had been in the care of the trustees, his mother, his uncle, Henry Gladstone, and myself. Beyond being present occasionally at business meetings, he seemed to prefer an external attitude. He did not attend any of the annual rent dinners, though this was sometimes suggested. This aloofness was evidently the result of a thought-out policy. He grew up with a profound sense of responsibility. The fame of his grandfather, the early death of his father, the prospect of succession to the estate and a leading position in the county, grafted on a disposition naturally joyous an unusual consciousness of duty and of opportunity—and

consequently a seriousness of purpose which, but for his high spirits and keen sense of humour, might have overweighted him. Probably this was the cause of his aloofness from estate matters until he was twenty-one. The trustees were actually, and he was not, responsible, so perhaps he thought it best that, for the time being, he should stand aside. But from 1906 he threw himself seriously and thoroughly into estate affairs. He knew its history, so clearly set forth by Lord Morley, and the sacrifices and efforts of his grandfather and his father to restore financial stability on sound and generous principles of management. His determination was to follow on their lines, to establish friendliest relations with the tenants, and to encourage agriculture in its broadest sense. He resolved to avoid all personal extravagance, and reduced his own expenditure to the most modest proportions.

Crowds of tenants and of the general public attended the festivities which, for twelve hours, never ceased on 28th July 1906. It was a day of hope and rejoicing. No clouds darkened the horizon. Some four hundred of the tenants

were present at the luncheon. In replying to the toast of his health, Will, in warm terms, returned thanks for the numerous presentations and addresses which he received :—

'Many and great have been the favours and blessings that have been bestowed upon me to-day, but I confess that I hardly feel worthy of them, for to-day I realise full well that you are doing honour to a name of which I am only the humble bearer, but of which I am the infinitely proud possessor.

'We cannot but think to-day of the past. We are inevitably reminded of the last coming of age on the Hawarden estate seventy-three years ago. I suppose the only living being who remembers it is Colonel Edward Neville,[1] whom we are so proud to see amongst us. That was the occasion when Sir Stephen Glynne came into possession of the estates, which, if they did not bring him wealth in this world, at least proved him one of the noblest of gentlemen, and one of the truest of Christians. I am proud to bear the name of Glynne, especially when it is so closely connected with that of Gladstone. Very naturally we pass on in our minds to Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone. It seems almost unnecessary on this occasion to dwell on a subject so dear to us all, for the

[1] Nephew of Sir Stephen (d. 1815) and Lady Glynne.

Elliot & Fry

MR. GLADSTONE AND WILL, 1887

memory of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone will always remain in the minds of the people of Hawarden, but it is only right that on an occasion like this I should pay my devoted and my affectionate respect to them. Mrs. Gladstone, who never turned a deaf ear to any one in distress—who devoted her life in making the lives of others happy, wherein she herself found infinite delight. Again, very naturally, I cannot help thinking of my father, who devoted so many years and so much of his powers to the management of this estate, and who, although partly crippled by illness, nevertheless continued to devote himself to the welfare of the estate. It has been written of my father that he never made an enemy and that he never lost a friend. Surely such a disposition as that is well translated into the ancient family motto which he loved so well, "Live and let live." But that well-nigh irreparable loss has been made up to me by my mother. I don't know what I should have done without her in the past, and I don't know what I should do without her in the future—for not only has she filled the place of father as well as mother to me, but her intuitive wisdom as trustee has been of inestimable service to the estate. No routine work and no matter of detail has ever lacked her careful consideration, and in matters of more gravity and with greater responsibility

attached, her decision has always been born of intuitive wisdom. I have indeed been fortunate in my trustees, for my uncles—Mr. Henry and Mr. Herbert—have been more than trustees to me. It would be easy to say too little of what they have done for me, but I assure you it would be impossible to say too much. I only wish I could find suitable words to express adequately my deepest thanks and gratitude for what they have done. But let no one think that the trustees have ceased to exist. In name perhaps they have, but it is my fixed determination to be guided by and to profit by the counsel and experience of my mother and my uncles, and I don't know where I could get better advice. I hope that I do not underestimate the responsibility of inheriting so great a name. Such an inheritance has well been called a perilous inheritance, but I trust that I shall not be altogether unequal to the traditions that have been handed down to me from my father and grandfather. I trust that I, too, shall some day win some measure of that affection which the people of Hawarden have always had for the name of Gladstone. For, as I have said before, it is my ambition to follow in the footsteps of my father and grandfather. And what nobler ambition could I have, or one more difficult of attainment?'

In lighter vein he subsequently proposed the toast of the Tenantry ; he paid his tribute to his agent, Mr. Gardiner, and expressed the hope that all present who had an interest in agriculture would put fresh energy, enterprise and organisation into their farming. And he made reference to his political opinions.

'It is well on an occasion like this to steer clear of politics, but I should just like to say this—that it does not matter to me, and it never will matter to me, whether a man votes Tory or whether a man votes Liberal. The man who votes Tory gains my deepest sympathy—but he does not lose an atom of my respect.'

The Hawarden estate was not an easy heritage. For generations ownership had been a reality, and the personality of the owner had been inseparable from the interests and well-being of the tenants. The effects of the financial breakdown sixty years earlier, so courageously dealt with by Mr. Gladstone, were still a source of difficulty. Strict economy was necessary, and recent legislation had imposed fresh liabilities and burdens. Hawarden was becoming a populous centre. While the estate was in

the main agricultural, it included industrial concerns, some miles of frontage on the Dee, and the demand for residential accommodation was increasing. Unfortunately the coal measures on the estate, at one time of much promise, ceased to give a profitable return. A friendly action carried to the House of Lords had established the rights of the Lord of the Manor —in doubt for generations—to the minerals on a large area in the Dee estuary to the north of the river. But the effort to win coal by an adventure practically independent of the estate broke down. Will, therefore, paid special attention to the economics of farming. He saw its commercial side, and recognised that it was a business crying aloud for better methods and for the great saving of cost in all directions by co-operation.

Though subsequently much of his time was occupied by his political and parliamentary duties, Hawarden was the main centre of his thoughts and activities from 1906 to 1915. As a boy he had grown into its associations and duties, and the unsurpassable charm and beauty of the Park and the woodland scenery. Here his own happy, joyous nature responded

and expanded to the full. The fine old ruined Castle, dating from Edward I., its historic final passing from the ownership of the Stanleys to the Glynnes in 1661, the new Castle, for half a century the home of his grandfather, the splendid trees and plantations, the shooting, an excellent and most friendly tenantry, in all this he delighted, and it was a delight broadened and strengthened by his own constant and intelligent activity.

He inaugurated a system of farm competitions for prizes which he gave, and started ploughing competitions. He did all he could to make the Small Holdings Act operate, and in the erection or improvement of farm buildings and cottages he strained the limited resources of the estate. He gave to the Parish Council a public recreation ground. But his most important operations were the foundation and work of the Hawarden and District Farmers Association.

In a letter (1906) he described its necessity and objects :—

'For the last two years I have realised the necessity of improving, as far as I have been

able, the condition of agriculture, and now that the time has come for the first step, it gives me particular satisfaction to be able to take the chair at the coming meeting, to which I cordially invite all who are interested in agriculture to come, not only to hear, but also with a view to action afterwards.'

While farmers were looking to Parliament for assistance, the world was securing the British market. And what a market. The consumption of wheat, flour, and meat in the United Kingdom reached in 1905 the total value of £286,000,000. Agriculturists, he insisted, must seek their own preservation. Co-operation had been adopted and organised abroad, and British farmers must follow suit, for the purposes of purchase, production, and sale. Whatever the fiscal policy of the country, co-operation, which organised and did not destroy individualism, was essential — the lesson had been learnt in protectionist Germany and free trade Denmark alike. Rural depopulation must be checked. The Agricultural Organisation Society, propagandist and profit-sharing, had already brought into being one hundred and twenty-five local organisations

with a membership of ten thousand farmers. They were established for a great variety of objects, and *inter alia* secured protection against the adulteration of seeds, fertilisers and feeding-stuffs, and obtained a reduction in the price of farming requirements. Co-operation had to begin locally. Previous attempts had failed from beginning at the top instead of the bottom. Hawarden must have its own affiliated association.

And accordingly the Association was formed, and started with a membership of twenty, which rapidly increased tenfold. Its work was very practical. Every farmer had been following his own ideas and doing everything by himself for himself. On these old-fashioned lines only the best men can come up to the level required by modern conditions and world operations in the production and distribution of agricultural produce.

The Association bought feeding-stuffs, manures, seeds and implements for its members, sold their wheat, oats and occasionally potatoes ; let out agricultural machines on hire, worked a water-mill for grinding the corn of the smaller farmers, and acted as insurance agent.

Altogether a very admirable bit of work, in which and in other matters Will had the skilled guidance of his agent, Mr. R. Strachan Gardiner.

His grandfather had given celebrity to the Annual Hawarden Flower Show by his speeches on these occasions or at the rent dinners. His pioneer speech on fruit growing and jam manufacture in 1881 at the time evoked the laughter of well-known agriculturists, but it was vindicated by the speedy development of a great and growing industry. Will worthily maintained these traditions.

In 1911 he was appointed Lord-Lieutenant of the County of Flint on the death of Mr. Hughes of Kinmell. His great-uncle, Sir Stephen Glynne, had been appointed to this post by Sir Robert Peel in 1845 and held it to his death in 1874. Will accepted it with some doubt because of his youth and inexperience.

Under Mr. Haldane's scheme of Army reorganisation, a direct responsibility for the maintenance in proper strength of the Territorial Forces was placed through the King himself on Lord-Lieutenants, and Mr. Asquith,

on 10th July, was asked in Parliament whether the new Lord-Lieutenant had served in the Territorial Force.

The Prime Minister answered, 'Mr. Gladstone has done no military service. I may say that my noble friend, the Secretary of State for War, whom I have consulted, came to the conclusion that, as military experiences were fully represented on the Flint Territorial Force Association, Mr. Gladstone, with his considerable territorial connection and influence, would be acceptable as President of the Association.' To a supplementary question whether there was no other qualification than the hereditary one, Mr. Asquith said that nothing of the kind must be assumed. Mr. Gladstone had been selected as the fittest person for the appointment.

One of his first duties was to attend the interesting Investiture of the Prince of Wales at Carnarvon in 1911 in the presence of King George.

Will speedily justified his selection, and the not unfair question of his military qualifications was finally and conclusively answered three years later. He turned his attention with

much seriousness to the composition of the Commission of the Peace, a subject evoking, on account of the rapid advance of democratic opinions, much public interest and controversy all over the country. The Liberal Party was most inadequately represented on the Bench. Will set his hand to the remedy with careful and discriminating judgment. He incurred some inevitable criticism. But with infinite trouble he exercised a wise and sympathetic discretion, and he soon won in remarkable degree the confidence of all parties.

His real joy was, however, in less serious matters. He delighted in shooting and all kinds of experiments for increasing true sport. Because of his health he never developed the family love of the axe, though his judgment in the condemnation of useless, unsightly, or harmful trees was sound. He acquired a considerable knowledge of modern forestry; and with the efficient aid of his bailiff, Mr. Reidford, he made many new plantations, clothing numerous unsightly pit banks, and looked well to the succession of the older trees. On an occasion of retriever trials he recorded 'two ideal

days.' Having an expert breeder in his keeper, Mr. Nicol, he did much to develop the quality and use of Labradors.

He was on the best personal terms with his tenants, and the reception he received on his first return to Hawarden as Lord-Lieutenant showed how firmly he had won their affection. Always unselfish, in his own unassuming way he loved to help others. One incident may be recorded. Hardy, an under keeper, died suddenly of heart failure in the woods. His body had been found, and Will was at once informed. On a dark winter's night, between midnight and 1 A.M., he at once went off to the keeper's cottage in the woods to see the widow. Most people would have thought it sufficient to go next morning. But Will never allowed personal convenience to count against what he thought to be a call of duty.

When Harry Drew, Rector of Hawarden, died in 1910, the maintenance in substance and spirit of the fine work which he and his predecessor, S. E. Gladstone,[1] had accomplished, was Will's chief anxiety. He took the greatest personal trouble in searching for a successor

[1] Rector of Hawarden from 1872-1902.

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amply qualified to bear the responsibilities of an extensive and populous parish.

It would be hard to find a man better equipped for the ownership of a large estate and for the unfettered enjoyment of its many attractions. Taken so early, it is good to reflect on the intense happiness of his Hawarden days in the company of the mother he adored and his two sisters.

IV

TRAVELS

IN 1910 Will spent six months in visiting India and Japan, returning home by the Siberian railway. It was necessarily a rush. Failing to get one or two of his special friends, he decided to go alone, and indeed he seemed almost to prefer it. But he lost what is invaluable in travel, the play of two or more minds in observation and discussion. His letters are, for the most part, diaries of his movements, with shrewd observations on his countrymen and others whom he met, and graphic description of scenery. Political, rather than historical, aspects interested him, and particularly, as a strong free-trader, economics. His love of trees and shrubs is constant. He writes to his mother from Ceylon on 24th January :—

'You should have seen the Poinsettias growing quite tall out of doors; the Clove, Nutmeg,

Cinnamon, Assam rubber, Breadfruit, etc., and a host of others (especially indigenous Acacia) were a treat to see.'

From Trichinopoly he breaks out *con amore* :—

'You don't know how this trip is breeding contempt in me for expert opinion; hold on to what you have made up your mind to do—that will carry you through nine times out of ten (provided you are capable of making up your mind with some degree of efficiency).'

At Madras he received the kindest hospitality and help from the Governor, Sir Arthur, and Lady Lawley, and *via* Hyderabad proceeded to Bombay and was duly impressed by Delhi, Agra, and other famous Indian cities. Next to the Taj Mahal, the view of the Himalayas from Darjeeling was his 'greatest sight.' In March 1910 he dines with Mr. Bonnerjee 'and met two interesting people, one of whom confirmed an idea that I had worked out for myself, that a united India is as far distant and as feasible as a united Europe, only perhaps less so.'

The Viceroy, Lord Minto, and Lady Minto, gave him their unfailing hospitality at Calcutta.

'I slept my last night at Government House. Government Houses are centres of comfort not to say luxury, delicious dinner, and red roses, with delightful band playing not too near.'

Then comes Burmah :—

'It is a delicious country, and so different from India that there is plenty to say. The Burman,' he continues, 'is the happiest man in the world; he is about the one individual who is not actuated by the desire to accumulate money; wealth is no object; it is not the best thing by a long way in life. The emancipation from this pervading characteristic of human nature all over the world is, one would think, the chief factor in the formation of the most prominent and delightful quality of the Burmans—their good temper; money matters do not enter into the question of happiness for the Burman. One can see how much he has to be happy for, when one has just come from India, where self-repression and a half-melancholy, half-dignified self-isolation is the key-note of the native character; but in Burmah the native is under no such cloud of reserve and seriousness; he is light-hearted, he is frank, he is full of good-humour without losing his dignity or his courtesy. It is only natural; in India you are under a perpetual cloud of the most serious obligation—you must be ready

to do homage to the man of superior caste; again, you must exact your due from the inferior castes—always submission to, or exaction of dignity. In Burmah there is no caste at all.'

Will wrote shrewdly on things as they struck him. But history and philosophy are vast reservoirs, where perhaps a deeper explanation of the happy Burman temperament can be found. If Buddhism and the royal despots had trained the Burman to sterner and better purpose, the country might have been saved from centuries of desolating war and brutality. It remained finally for the British Raj to rescue them from the infamous Theebaw. The price paid by the happy-go-lucky, good-humoured Burman was indeed a lamentable one, and it will be interesting to see whether the rapidly growing prosperity of Burmah under good government will impair the temperament which so greatly and naturally appealed to Will.

'YOKOHAMA, 2.5.10.

'Japan seems to get lots of cloud and rain: which must undoubtedly have tended to invest the Japanese with qualities superior to those of the southern races of Asia—a sort of superiority such as exists between the cold and steady

and determined Englishman, and the emotional, vivacious and more volatile Frenchman.

'When we touched at Nagasaki it was raining in torrents, which obscured one of the prettiest harbours of the East. The coaling was quite a sight—men and women working like niggers, and, unlike all other Asiatic races (bar Chinamen), making no noise in order to work harder; ladders are put half-way up the ship, and they stand two on each rung—meanwhile, in the barge below three men in different parts of the barge start filling baskets, and the baskets race up the human ladder from hand to hand at a sustained pace almost incredible. I counted forty to the minute. The German Flagship was at Nagasaki, and it is a good indication of G.'s real inferiority to us that her flagship in the East (where she has definite ambitions) is a cruiser—I don't even think she was a first-class cruiser, but rather an old second-class I put her at. Then we went through the Inland Sea (get out map) to Kobe, where I stayed at the Mikado Hotel; rain induced inactivity. So went to Kyoto on Monday night, found Hashimoto was not, as he was engaged, but had sent substitute, whom I have left off to-day; he was very useful, but it adds to expense and I have been spending money on trifles, and by now he has put me up to a certain number of things, such as tips.

'I parted company with Mr. Payne's party at Kyoto; the first day we went up by train and descended some rapids by boat, which was quite exciting and scenically beautiful; the next day I rickshawed to Otsu and came back by canal through a lengthy tunnel, which was also a unique experience; then I also saw cherry dances, temples, shops (I bought a kimono), wrestling and fencing of a very fierce appearance, in which four ladies were being instructed. You should have seen my departure from the Miyako Hotel—Kyoto. The Japanese Hotel Office is a most prolific place and so is the nondescript staff; consequently two ranks on the steps were necessary; the managers, cashiers in front and numerous staff behind; shoulder to shoulder they stood, bowing with great frequency and regularity, while the manager crowned a long series of thanks and farewells with "We are so grateful." Dear little waitresses waited upon one in Japanese dress and with Japanese manners; mine was called O Hatusan, and on inquiring from her I found she was twenty-two; many Japanese women do their hair no longer in Jap style (which requires fumeful oil and forty minutes to do), but if the nob at the back is divided into two curving divisions, they are spinsters; if in one curved bunch, they are married. I travelled to Nagoya with a man

who would call me "old chap," and asked me if I had ever had a holiday in Scotland—from start to finish no one has detected that I am not travelling for business or out to some post. I met a previous fellow-passenger again on the Delta after leaving Singapore; he exclaimed, "Hullo, I thought you said Singapore was your destination." The highest position they give me is something in the Indian Civil Service. Not one Japanese in a hundred has abandoned Japanese dress, but not one in a hundred retains a Japanese hat—all caps or felt hats; the footgear is the most antiquated thing—it is a sandal raised on two bars of wood; the stocking foot is attached to the sandal by a sort of cord passing between big toe and the next biggest. Japanese imitation of Germany (Germany, admired before, joined R. and Fr. in depriving Japan of fruits of Chinese War) is most obvious in the German caps, which all the schoolboys wear, to the detriment of their appearance. I have wandered from Nagoya; there I saw an industrial exhibition (as big as Earl's Court), more dancing and some cloisonné; then came on by night train here. . . . I go from Shimonoseki to Fusan (Korea), then to Seoul, then to Mukden, then to Peking, then to Hankow, then down river to Shanghai, then to Dalny and Port Arthur, then to Mukden, Harbin, Charing Cross.

'It is most noticeable how the Japanese school children are travelled all over the place to see and learn about their own country.

'My guide gave me a very intelligent sketch of Japanese policy in Korea. Now that the peril of its immediate acquisition by Russia is past: a policy, not of compulsion and intimidation but of peaceful absorption, has been adopted at the instance of Prince Ito (who was shot there recently); Japan, I understand, pays for schools all over Korea, which will inoculate the rising generation with pro-Japanese opinions; hospitals have likewise been established; and I gather Japanese instructors in agriculture are trying to improve Korean methods of cultivation, while the Emperor's son is being educated in Japan: the upshot, of course, is intended to be that the Koreans—so far from resenting incorporation with Japan—should themselves ask for it. It will be a great triumph if it comes off for Japanese statesmanship, which hitherto has made nothing of Korean problem.'

'Nikko, 8.5.10.

'First of all for one or two corrections—as regards (1) Japan in Korea: the expenses of Japanese organised schools, hospitals and agricultural instruction are defrayed from Korean finances—not Japanese; (2) as regards our relative naval strength to Germany's: we

neither of us have a battleship out here; Germany's flagship is an efficient first-class cruiser; but the naval attaché puts our all-round naval superiority over Germany in the East at three to one; further, he said that in a tropical climate the difference in temperature on a warship painted grey-black and a warship painted white and yellow-funnelled was ten degrees.

'It is quite cold enough here—rather a late cold spell for Japan, and I have been having regular recourse to the Witney blanket, but it is warming slowly now; it really is just like an English spring: Japan has a gulf stream too. Tell Evey azaleas *do* grow not only in bushes but in trees twenty-five feet high. Charlie Lyell's introduction worked all right. I had a preliminary interview with Sir Claude Macdonald the evening I arrived in Tokio (I was in same party at Hatfield last summer as Sir C. M.); he was charming and had me to a biggish lunch—Prime Minister, Foreign Minister, Viscount Matsukata, War Minister, Naval Minister, etc. etc.—this is where I met the attaché and got my authoritative naval information. With regard to that new tariff of Japan's: one of the Staff told me it was not nearly so protective as was expected; I asked him if we were hit by it as much as other nations or more so; he said he would

not dogmatise on that point, and a timely diversion occurred by the War Minister drinking off his finger bowl water. It was a frock coat and top-hat business, but Sir C. M. sent everything down to hotel. You do not glean very much at an Embassy: every one shies off "interesting" questions; all you get is in moments of—not indiscretion, but of candidness. But one thing I gleaned—the democratic constitution (*e.g.* Diet—Cabinet—Franchise) of Japan is at present a farce: as a stepping-stone to more democratic government in the near future, it certainly has value, but otherwise, judged by its genuineness at present and the amount of power it gives the people, the Japanese constitution is valueless. You have your two Houses of Parliament (The Diet) and your Cabinet, but in addition to that you have a Privy Council and—this is the thing to notice—a Council of Elders with functions *undefined* and therefore dangerously extensible. This is the body that rules Japan behind the scenes: the Prime Minister and Members of the Cabinet are puppets put up by the Elders—the present P. M. (Katsura) is Prince Yamagata's protégé. The Elders are famous men: men who have modernised Japan and made her a power; but they make the Government of Japan an oligarchy.

'The safeguards of the Constitution are im-

pregnable; there is not a single avenue of approach to the Upper House for a man of progressive views except by the permission of the powers that be—the avenues of approach are (1) hereditary, (2) peers elected by peers, (3) nominated by Emperor, (4) elected by highest tax-payers (as we know wealth is conservative); while the Lower House—the House of Representatives—is elected on a basis of the amount paid in direct taxation (£1 annually is minimum), *e.g.* income tax. If anything "undesirable" did get past (the Lord knows how), there would be the Council of Elders, who are consulted on all matters of importance.'

'HARBIN, 19.5.10.

'I enjoyed Port Arthur. The Japanese have not refortified Port Arthur on the land side at all—which I cannot understand. It is most extraordinary to learn that a nation, so traditionally capable in the art of fortification as the Russians, should have left unfortified, until the outbreak of hostilities, such a critical position as 203 Metre Hill. Eight times they retook 203 Metre Hill, but not the ninth. The Japanese then established an observation station on the top, and directed a deadly fire upon Port Arthur and the harbour—from huge guns brought over from the Ports of Shimonoseki. Until then it had been comparatively guess-

work. One gets a splendid view from the top; the whole hill is, of course, covered with shell marks, until at the top there is not an inch of ground which has escaped the shells; it is a steep hill, too, on both sides. You see the remains of the trenches—both the Russian and the ever-getting-nearer Japanese ones. As for the forts, they are ploughed up by shells and burst up by mines. The Japanese sappers must have done wonderfully, as they had to tunnel through rock to get underneath the fort.

The Russian is a wonderful man for spending money. The residential houses at Dalny and Port Arthur are so magnificent, large and substantial—the same here. The Japanese officers are mounted on most magnificent horses, which, I think, come from the defeated Russians. On Friday I came up here to get two nights' rest at my nearest point to Moscow—my next stationary bed. The Japanese go as far as Chang Chun—*i.e.* they look after the railway up till then. Chang Chun is the joint station, and you change from the Japanese huge, luxurious dining-car coaches into a measly Russian train of poky carriages and no dining-car as a rule. English is very scarce, and one gesticulates instead. It was so interesting coming into contact with a great people, whom one had never seen before. I am so struck with the variations of type amongst the Rus-

sians—I have seen Russians similar to Englishmen, Germans, Frenchmen, Scandinavians. There is a most taking type of very fair hair and very blue eyes—I imagine Lithuanians.

'The Military not only guard, but actually work the railway between here and Chang Chun; while the multitude of sidings at Harbin Station and its lengths of platform are purely to facilitate military embarkation.'

'20*th*.

'To-night I start on my nine days' run to Moscow, and feel rather overawed at the immensity of the undertaking. I will now conclude the last of my six months' series of letters to you. WILL.'

'MUKDEN, 27.5.10.

'Quite a respectable interval has elapsed since I sent my last wire or letter. I left off at Mizuzima, which is one of the three show places of Japan according to the Japanese; it was very beautiful scenery and weather; the place is on an island in the Inland Sea—full of sandy little bays with rocky points jutting out and studded with dwarfy little pine-trees; it was very jolly, and I enjoyed myself there. Then the beastly train again to Shimonoseki. We slept on the boat going across to Fusan (let me implore you to get a map) and arrived

next morning in one of the most peculiar, idiosyncratic, individualistic countries I ever hope to see—Korea. But let me finish with the geography first: we got to Seoul the same day as we landed, and I stayed there three days; then a day's journey to Antung, another to Tsao-hokou, another to here. As far as Antung I was on a splendid train; the Japanese are quite alive to the rotten condition of their own railway lines, and so they have built the Korea line quite differently—broad gauge and sitting *à la* landau and not *à la* wagonette. So you don't get your feet trodden upon (*a*) when the carriage official walks up and down the carriage, as he does every five minutes, (*b*) when a passenger wants to wash or eat; as for those narrow Japanese wagonette carriages on a long journey, with no room to put one's small baggage, they are beastly and backward. After Antung the Southern Manchurian Railway begins; but they have not nearly completed the broad gauge line, so you get on a narrow little three-foot gauge line, which was the line laid down for war purposes, and so you amble through Southern Manchuria at about ten miles an hour, never going far away from the big railway under construction in innumerable sections, with respective gangs of Chinese coolies; likewise six or seven tunnels are simultaneously being bored. I saw no particular signs of great

haste as I had been told there was ; the sleepers are laid about one and a half feet apart—the Russian method of using cheap light rails and compensating therefor by the frequency of the sleepers which, of course, come much cheaper than using heavy rails and fewer sleepers. The bridges of medium size were still wooden. This is the line, I believe, which the Japanese ought, according to the letter of their treaty, to have given up, but have not.

'I would have come thousands of miles to see Korea : their original and national head-gear is a sort of opera-hat, with a long sort of white smock with short trousers or long breeches ; they look as if they were dressed up for some comic entertainment. They all wear white all day—men and women, a great many of whom go about bare-breasted ; they are of finer physique than the Japanese, but are much less clean ; these top-hatted, immensely serious and dignified old men are content to live in the most wretched old hovels : it is a remnant of old days ; any outward sign of wealth, such as a good house, brought down officials and magnates to deprive them of it. From Antung to Mukden, for two days I was the only European on the train ; by the by, all the way up the South Manchurian Line the various offices are labelled in English as well as Japanese, *e.g.* Station

Master, Freight, etc. English is a sort of Esperanto in the East; a Shanghai Chinaman does not talk the same Chinese as the Hong-Kong Chinaman, so they talk in Pidgin English. The Japanese have a very backward conception of justice—that is really at the bottom of things. Their commercial morality is very poor, so unlike that of the Chinaman, *e.g.* they break contracts. Their administration of the law is partial to their own countrymen and anti-foreign—*e.g.* a Japanese was had up for imitating an aerated water label, the case was proved, but the learned judge held that, as it was winter time, people would not be drinking much aerated water, hence it was unnecessary for him to issue an injunction. The immense armaments which Japan is engineering is causing anxiety and speculation as to who is the objective.

But much of Japan's unpopularity in the East is not well reasoned. Japan is partly to blame for it, because she boasts she has done in forty years what it took us to do in three or four hundred years; but she hasn't. That is where her commercial immorality comes from. In old Japan, trade was hugely despised; only low people went in for it; traders were at the bottom of the social scale; cultivators of the soil were put above them. Can you wonder then at finding Japanese commerce

conducted on low principles and dishonesty? It takes more than forty years to eradicate business habits of years and years; forty years! why the sons of men have only now come to the top of businesses which their fathers conducted in the old bad ways. The historical method enlightens one a good deal about that. We must give her time to improve. Then much unpopularity is due to the expansion; the fruits of her last war—Korea and Southern Manchuria—are now very naturally being Japanised; *i.e.* Japan is trying to give an advantage to Japanese capital and labour over those of other countries; again, in Korea various posts, *e.g.* in Korean customs or at court, were held by Europeans; well, since Japan has won Korea by her own bravery and determination we cannot legitimately object to her putting her own officials into the responsible posts. Since every country, except Great Britain, puts on tariffs against Japan, Great Britain is the only country which can claim to be injured. After all, look at it this way, suppose England was Japan, and France was a huge dismembered incapable country like China, we should naturally think we had a better claim to parts of France we had conquered than a country thousands of miles away. It is only in accordance with justice that Japan should derive proper benefit from, and exercise

due sovereignty over those parts of the mainland which geographically incline to her, and which she has conquered by her great courage (I confess I am at present ignorant how far Japan is bound by treaty to keep the door open in her conquered possessions). Then, of course, competition is growing very keen. The trouble arises when a Japanese business enterprise is beaten down by a European business on the merits of the thing; but the Government give it a subsidy which enables it to pay a dividend although it is being run at a loss, *e.g.* a Japanese Steamship Co. actually does not pay on its own workings, but the big subsidy it receives enables it to make a dividend every year.

'The other day I saw condemned the comment "Les Japonnais ne sont pas intelligents." Personally I uphold an amended form of that comment—namely "Le Japonnais n'est pas intelligent." There are brains at the head of the nation as astute and as brilliant as those at the head of any other country, and Japan is a centralised country—governed in all departments by the State; hence as a nation—in the plural—they are formidable, but the individual is not gifted, he has leant upon some one too much and too long; he is not intelligent. I see only *two per cent.* of population can vote for Diet. WILL.'

V

THE UNITED STATES

MR. BRYCE,[1] then British Ambassador at Washington, asked Will to join his staff for a time as Honorary Attaché. He thought it most desirable that young men about to enter public life should have some close acquaintance with American affairs. This attractive opportunity so kindly offered, Will gladly accepted. In January 1911 he arrived at Washington. His letters descriptive of manners and customs and of the people he met were interesting and humorous. His official duties he discharged faithfully and well. He realised the difference between an honorary and a permanent member of the staff. 'In fact,' he wrote to his mother, 'I don't think the Embassy take an Honorary Attaché seriously as an assistance in the work of the Embassy. Honorary Attachés are got out to be useful socially, they are not expected

[1] Now Viscount Bryce.

to be efficient in office work; and I must say they are right to a certain extent.'

Political questions always attracted him.

'1266 N.H.A.,
W., 13.2.11.

'The Reciprocity negotiations are to the fore: I believe both the Senate and the House of Representatives will ratify the agreement, although most people seem to think it will die in the Senate.

'It is a great shame that Canada should be criticised for doing what she is. If Canada can make better trade terms with her neighbour, it is not for the Mother Country to curse and to swear at the prospect, rather she ought to rejoice at the improved prospects of her child.

'The idea that Canada is never to improve her trade relations with any other country while she remains part of the British Empire is the surest way of inducing Canada to leave the British Empire.

'There is another movement on foot. At present Senators are elected not by the people, but by the legislators of the various States (you see every State in America has two Houses of Parliament as well as the two Houses at Washington for the whole Union). It is now proposed that the election of Senators for the United States Senate at Washington should

be taken out of the hands of the legislators for the various States and be put in the hands of the people direct. The recent scandals—both Lorimer's and Stephenson's—it is argued, would not have occurred if their elections had been in the hands of the people, since it is not possible, or rather so possible to bribe the many as the few.

'It is a reform which will come. It is part of what is the most interesting movement in the U.S. to-day. Government by Parliament on the most democratic lines is no longer the last stage which the progress of democracy has reached: a further stage has been initiated in America: both legislative and executive power has been transferred from the legislature, and with their acquiescence, to the people by means of the Referendum in various forms: this has occurred in several of the Western States. For instance, liquor questions, *inter alia*, which would be transferred from the legislature to the people at the polls; but more—the people at the polls can now propose and enact legislation which has never even been introduced, debated, or voted in the legislature. That is called the initiative. But more again, power has been given to the people at the polls in one or two States to oust any official of whose conduct they disapprove: this they call the recall.

It is put to the vote of the people at the polls. I must stop : it is past ten, and one is supposed to be in the Chancery by then.'

Mr. Bryce had to visit Canada officially, and he took Will with him. They stayed at Ottawa with the Governor-General, Lord Grey. Will was much impressed by his geniality and kindness.

'Sir Wilfrid Laurier came to dinner last night to my great delight. I found him alone in the drawing-room before dinner, and reminded him of his visit to Hawarden (1897), which, of course, he well remembered, and said he remembered me as a little boy (?). I was much struck by the extent to which he shows himself a Frenchman, and also by his youth.'

The Canadian House of Commons impressed him as 'infinitely more dignified than the American House of Representatives. . . . There is an atmosphere of reverence and respect which is neither given nor expected in the American House : it is more like the American Senate.'

With this visit Will's connection with the Embassy closed. 'I nearly cried,' he wrote, 'leaving the Bryces and the Embassy.' Mr.

and Mrs. Bryce had been most kind to him, and Mr. Bryce wrote to the *Westminster Gazette* after Will's death :—

'May I add to what has been admirably said by your correspondent " P " [Mr. Humphry Paul] about young W. G. C. Gladstone at Oxford, a few words regarding him as I knew him in Washington, when he was Honorary Attaché at the British Embassy there in 1911 ?

'What struck every one who saw him in Washington, what endeared him to his colleagues and won for him golden opinions in the society of the city, was the singular sweetness and freshness of his nature. He never seemed embarrassed by the wearing of a great name, nor did it ever render him less modest and unaffected. He was diffident of his own abilities, and I remember that once when he had been invited to go and speak at the annual dinner of a British society in New England he had felt inclined to decline, but when advised to give pleasure to the guests and break the ice for himself, he consented, and (as I heard afterwards) acquitted himself extremely well. In our very few talks about politics, he impressed me by the fairness, moderation, and independence of his views. He had neither catchwords nor prejudices, but had evidently thought for himself, and thought with a sincere

endeavour to reach the truth. His intellectual curiosity was keen and alert. Before he left America he travelled all round the Western States to study their social and political phenomena, just as in a journey he had shortly before taken through India he had bent his mind to the study of Indian problems. He threw himself into the duties of the Embassy with intelligence as well as interest, and soon showed a grasp of American conditions. Though I discovered in him few signs of any ambition for political success, one could not doubt that he would attain it, not only by his power of clear, sound, and forcible thinking, and through his possession of that best kind of tact which comes from sympathy, but also from his transparent candour and honesty, which would make constituents and colleagues feel that they could trust him and could rely upon him to live up to his principles. Short as has been his career, it gave occasion for the display of moral as well as physical courage, and of a sense of patriotic duty which made him insist on going to share the perils of those Flintshire neighbours whom he had been urging to enlist. But that by which his friends will most remember him is the uprightness, gentleness, and what I may venture to call the chivalric simplicity of his nature.'

After Canada followed some six weeks of rapid

travelling, and Will revelled in the magnificent scenery through which he passed.

'On the Edge of the Grand Canyon, Arizona, *May* 16*th*, '11.

'The Consul General [Chicago] nursed me—gave me lunch at a Club and took me down to Chicago University—far more like a University to an Oxford or Cambridge man than Harvard: presenting mostly stone buildings for one thing, and suggesting an imitation of an Oxford college in at least one place. The one valuable thing I did glean was in looking at the notice board, where occupations for undergraduates —who I had been told often worked between terms to keep themselves—were put up: one saw notices of vacancies for two waiters, a night clerk, household servants, etc. Then —an 8 P.M. express had been decided on for me. The State of Kansas seemed composed of huge fertile ranches with the first few hedges I have seen in America: while we were passing through the State no intoxicants could be obtained in the train (prohibitionary State): nor cigarettes (although cigars could), and the drinking-water glasses in the lavatories were removed, for stationary drinking-cups have been forbidden by the State laws of Kansas. Then we went for the deserts of New Mexico, where they say irrigation would convert it into fertile

land, and through lava districts—the lava had been used for railway ballast with success: then after a fourth and last night in the "California Limited" I emerged at the Grand Canyon, where it is cool and bracing—people said it would be hot. This morning I drove to various points of beauty, and this afternoon I drove out to Sunset Point, and am writing on the edge of the Canyon.

'There are three other Canyons above this, but this is the deepest and finest—218 miles long—averaging 10 miles across and rising to a height of 5500 feet (I think). It is very difficult to convey an impression. Imagine a valley whose length extends beyond one's vision, of prodigious depth and great width. This huge ravine has no trees in it: they stop at the edges: far below one sees broken plateaus of dun-coloured grass. What is wonderful is the regularity and distinct delineation of the strata: for the 30 or 40 miles that I can see the strata runs quite distinct and absolutely level without trespassing a yard: first comes a stratum of yellowish whitish rock under a fringe of small trees which shrink away from the abyss: then comes glorious strata of red rock (probably our old friend sandstone—getting more purple as it reaches the muddy river at the foot of these precipices. It is the red rock that adds beauty to the grandeur:

Chidley, Chester

WILL AT HIS COMING OF AGE, 1906

from the edge one looks down on huge hills and cliffs that climb up the sides of the greater ravine, but still look small from the gigantic sides of the silent chasm: it is these hills and cliffs that give one such delight through their fantastic shapes—not forgetting the redness of their cliffs and the ornamental dead level grooves of strata—for one sees endless formations, blunted pyramids, knife-like edges, bays worn out of red sandstone cliffs, isolated pinnacles—a few rising as high as to be crossed with a piece of the topmost whitish strata, capes of great height from the river below, yet small from one's elevated point of view on the top of the bank. Over all this reigns a solitude almost appalling in its intensity: there is deadly silence and an absence of life: everything is hushed, appalled at the very vastness of the proportions: to-morrow I go down to the bottom and shall be much more impressed I expect by the size and solitude of the whole thing: while a red sunset will be in harmony with the red rock. (17th). The sunset added somewhat, but not overmuch, to the beauties of the Canyon: but this morning I started off at 9.35 (nine people out of ten ride) on my legs (as the plain matron wittily said, if you rode, you had to take your meals off the mantelpiece for a week afterwards), and zigzagged down the huge precipice—picking

up luncheon at a half-way house, bathed in perspiration, then down to the river through a magnificent sandstone gorge interspersed with black granite: after photographs and lunch (two pieces of bread and two eggs), I bathed in the Colorado on a little bay of sand, noticing that the river was flowing like a torrent, that there was a side current, and an inclination on the part of the sand to become quicksand: my modesty was protected by the gigantic solitude; then began the pull back—it was very steep and one had to be very patient—resting frequently and doing a small bit at a time. My impressions have been modified in several directions—there is vegetation in the Canyon, the wild-flowers, although over, were a great pleasure, and there is visible some insect life and bird life right down to the bottom. The altitude of the abyss is 7500 not 5000: what appear to be terraces of jumpable depth—when you get near them—become precipices, by jumping from which one could kill oneself two or three times over with impunity, and which one photographs with reverence: the despairing height of the sides becomes really visible when you are at the bottom looking up through a very deep and narrow gorge, which emerges on the river. Half way down is a little refreshment shanty occupied by an American, who lives there all the year round

with a Japanese assistant: in such an isolated spot one would expect to find a rustic-minded man only, and in England the conversation of such a man would be very limited. On the contrary, the man was such an intelligent man; his sister had married the representative which Arizona (not yet a State) sends to the House of Reps. at Washington, and he was as intelligent a citizen as one could meet, bearing out several theories one was forming, *e.g.* (1) the equality of the electors and their representatives, (2) wisdom, common sense, and grand information and interest in politics of the American voter, (3) contempt for the Senate in not expelling —— from its midst, (4) growing appreciation of Taft just because he was independent and unswayed by any particular group inside or outside Congress. He also told me that eighty-five per cent. of the people of Arizona desired the recall of the judiciary inserted in their coming Constitution (an advanced radical reform). I must refrain from commenting upon two or three interesting letters from you, as it seems I must close now or never.'

'Lost Arrow Camp, Yosemite,
May 23*rd*, 1911.

'I have struck gold here: it is a place of exquisite beauty, and even more lovable than the Grand Canyon.

'A night and day journey landed me at the El Portal Hotel at the entrance of the Yosemite Valley, and this morning I drove up here by coach—taking up my abode at a camp instead of the more expensive hotel: one is in a square tent with a wooden floor and bedstead, etc., and prepared to enjoy oneself beyond.

'It is a beautiful mountain valley: only 8 miles long, 1 mile wide, and I think 3000 feet deep (the Great Canyon—218—10 and nearly 7000 you remember). There is abundant vegetation: beautiful trees: wild-flowers: green grass, bracken (not burnt): oak: lime: cryptomeria: dogwood with a delicate lily-white flower. As you drive up this happy valley beside the winding river (the Mereed) you pass below various landmarks conspicuous even above the level of the lofty cliffs: there is a huge pillar of rock with a cowled summit called El Capitan: there is a lofty pinnacle of granite called The Sentry: while two tall columns of rock have been christened the Cathedral Spires: higher up stands the half dome, which looks like a vast mountain with a domed summit split in half sheer down the middle to the foot: then continually you see little foamy ribbands of waterfall plunging down the cliff side, the small ones are blown away almost from the cliff face in clouds of spray. One delights in the rapids of the Mereed,

more in the Cascade Falls, more still in the Bridal Veil Falls — at the foot of which my camp lies: it is magnificent, it is really three ladder-like falls totalling a height of 1750 feet: the lowest fall throws up such a cloud of spray that you can't get within thirty yards of it and then you are drenched, the boom is terrific, you think it can't go on, that by to-morrow the crash of the water will have worn away the rocks. You must imagine one of those beautiful fireworks—not quite Roman candles —but shoots of flame that go up altogether and then burst high in the air that must be inverted, and you get shoots of foamy-white water hurled down a huge distance until they break on the rocks below into clouds of spray.

'I get my mail at San Francisco, and will then answer your letters. Good-bye.'

While at Montreal Will received the offer of the Lord-Lieutenancy, and he returned home in July with fuller experience to face new duties and responsibilities.

VI

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

WILL made up his mind at Oxford, as we have seen, to train himself for a political life. For some years he did not seem to be at all eager to find a seat in Parliament, though he had some tempting proposals. Midlothian itself was talked of. Had this been open to him, Will no doubt would have welcomed it. It would indeed have been difficult if not impossible to refuse. As it was, he preferred to wait, and he gives his reasons in a reply to an invitation conveyed to him by his uncle :—

'HAWARDEN CASTLE,
19.11.10.

'MY DEAR UNCLE HARRY,—I feel that you have been extraordinarily kind, and I feel very grateful to you for your advice and help : my own father could not have been nicer than you were to-day. You will not approve, I am afraid, of the decision in my telegram :

but I am possessed with the desire to qualify myself for Parliament by further experience—in confidence let me tell you that I have a GREAT dread of falling short of expectation; people insist in thinking that one has inherited more than one has from one's grandfather, whereas it takes me the greatest industry and labour to make any show at all: *again in confidence* it is my own opinion that what faculties one possesses are of latent development. I am *not* going to run the risk of starting Parliament *before* making sure that I have derived necessary experience and qualification from without.

'With all due deference, I do not believe that one should time one's attempt to enter Parliament too much by the magnitude of the questions at issue: the test I prefer is the mental preparedness of the individual himself. These opinions are not created for the occasion. Once more, thank you so much for your very great solicitude for me.—Yours ever,

'WILL.'

So, with time at his disposal, he sought in India and the Far East, in America, Canada, Ireland, and in close attention to his Flintshire work, to qualify himself before entering Parliament.

On the death of Dr. Rolland Rainy, in September 1911, he received a unanimous invitation from the Liberal Association of the Kilmarnock Burghs to fight the bye-election, and he accepted. It was a triangular contest, and not without difficulty. The Labour candidate was likely to detach Liberal votes. Moreover, as Will wrote to his mother, the new Association of 'Young Scots' did not quite like him, as 'an Englishman not understanding the Scottish view-point and probably not progressive enough.' He had the support of the Irish, and by his speeches he solidified the Liberal vote. At the previous election in December 1910, Dr. Rainy gained a majority over the Unionists of 3088 votes.

The Rev. W. Somerville thus pictured him as a candidate in the *Glasgow Daily Record*:—

'He has (says the writer) the endowments which go to make an effective orator. He has a clear voice of a distinctly musical quality. He has a gift of deliberate and perfect enunciation. He has animation and fitting gesture. Turning from one side to another, he utters

his fitly-chosen words like a sower sowing his seed in the springtime. He has a good memory, for the notes are microscopic and usually limited to a diminutive post-card. Above all he has imagination—and its necessary counterpart, an understanding sympathy with every section and class of his prospective constituents. . . . He has a ready wit, a caustic humour, and, like his great namesake, deep, silent convictions that make him, on occasion, blaze into righteous indignation.'

The result of the poll was :—

W. G. C. Gladstone (L.) . .	6923
Sir J. D. Rees (U.) . . .	4637
T. M'Kerrel (Lab.) . . .	2761
Liberal majority over Unionist .	2286
Liberal and Labour over Unionist	5047

It was a brilliant victory. On 24th October Will took his seat, introduced by Mr. Gulland and Mr. C. Lyell, amid general cheering.

He was in no hurry to make his maiden speech, but it came through the invitation of the Prime Minister to second the Address on the opening of the session of 1912. He

confessed that, in regard to political affairs, he was still only in his novitiate, and he asked for sympathetic indulgence on the ground of the expectation which might conceivably but incautiously be formed of one bearing the name he did. 'Nothing,' said Mr. Asquith in following, 'can be more gratifying to those who cherish the past traditions of the House of Commons than to see great historic families whose names are associated with our own best memories of the past observing them worthily, and contributing, as their fathers and ancestors did before them, to the common stock of the country. It has given us a sense of gratification that the Honourable Member should have shown so much ability to follow in the steps of those who have gone before him.'

His subsequent interventions in debate were comparatively rare. But he made his mark in the House of Commons by his speeches on the Welsh Disestablishment Bill. He strongly supported the principle, holding that it had been fully justified by the results of the Irish Disestablishment Act on the Irish Church. But, as in that case, generosity should charac-

terise legislation; disendowment should be clearly limited to tithes. Accordingly, in Committee he took an independent course. His chief speech on this subject captivated the House. For a very young member to oppose his own party without causing irritation, and to receive the cheers of the Opposition without being led to seek in them solace for the silence of his own side, and to win general admiration by transparent sincerity and clear balanced statement of reason, was a rare and notable performance. 'He led,' wrote Mr. MacCallum Scott, member for Bridgeton, Glasgow, 'with grave old-fashioned courtesy.' Mr. Alfred Lyttelton expressed the feeling of the House when he said of him, 'He made his speech in a tone not merely of rare persuasiveness, but of singular personal dignity, and whose admirable example the oldest of us may fitly follow. . . . It is a standing reproach to the casual mind to see one so young, and yet so sure of the difference between right and wrong, and so uncompromising in his dealings between the two.'

Mr. Llewellyn Williams, M.P., a clever pro-

tagonist of Welsh Disestablishment, wrote of Will in the *South Wales Daily News* :—

'He was not an orator. His words came slowly. He never indulged in rhetoric. The sparkling epigram was not for him. Wit, humour, passion, eloquence were foreign to his nature. And yet he conquered the House. . . . I well remember falling foul of the young squire of Hawarden one February afternoon some two years or more ago over endowments. I described him returning home to Hawarden "once the cradle and now the grave of Welsh hopes, laden with the spoils of the people of Wales." When I sat down I found him seated at my side. I expected a frown or a scowl. But that was not young Gladstone's gracious way. He patted me on the back and exclaimed with a genial smile "Stout fellow!" It was the spirit of the true sportsman and the genuine Parliamentarian.'

The Chief Liberal Whip, as a rule so gravely critical of any wanderings from the party fold, on this occasion felt impelled to write to Mrs. W. H. Gladstone :—

'12 Downing Street,
S.W., 13.xii.12.

'My dear Mrs. Gladstone,—It is unusual for a Chief Whip to rejoice in the success of a

speech delivered against the Government by a Government supporter.

'But I am sure it will gladden your heart to know that Will acquitted himself this afternoon with the greatest distinction.

'Earnest, eloquent, and sincere, his speech created a profound impression. It is always difficult to oppose one's own friends without giving offence, but the lofty tone and conviction which marked the whole utterance delighted every one, and perhaps most of all those who disagreed with it. For it displayed great courage, and to those of us who revere the name of Gladstone, it is a matter for profound thankfulness that here is a young man who will go far in the service of his country. I thought you might like to know this, so you will forgive a hasty scrawl.—Sincerely yours,

'PERCY ILLINGWORTH.'

As already stated, Will developed strong conviction at Oxford on Home Rule. In April 1909 Lord Aberdeen, then Lord-Lieutenant, gave him the position of Assistant Private Secretary on his staff, a post which he held for some months. He visited many parts of Ireland, and made full use of his opportunities for studying its social conditions, and the working of the antiquated and worn-

out machine of Irish Government. He had good cause to be grateful for Lord Aberdeen's graceful invitation.

Mr. Swift MacNeill, M.P., in an interesting 'appreciation' records his first acquaintance with Will:—

'I did not meet Mr. Gladstone immediately on taking his seat. One evening, when he had been a few months in Parliament, I was sitting by myself at dinner. Mr. Gladstone came up and said, "May I join you?" We sat *vis-à-vis*. "I want you," he said, "to tell me something of my grandfather." I gave him, to the best of my ability, some of my reminiscences of Mr. Gladstone, and his questions and remarks showed me very clearly that to carry on and complete his grandfather's work for the restoration of the old Irish Parliament was, with him, a master passion. A little incident showed his enthusiasm. I happened to mention that his grandfather had claimed Edmund Burke as an opponent of the Union, and that I had taken the liberty of asking him the grounds of that opinion, Burke having died in 1797, the subject of the Union not being broached till 1798. Mr. Gladstone went to the library of the House of Commons, mounted a ladder, without any

reference to an index, took down a volume of Parliamentary debates, and glanced over a passage in a speech made by Dr. Lawrence against the Union, in which he detailed a conversation with Edmund Burke a few days before his death, when he said any scheme of Union would prove disastrous either to Great Britain or Ireland. Mr. W. Gladstone was greatly interested. I think he hastened dinner to a conclusion to bring me to the library, when I handed him the volume his grandfather had shown to me three-and-twenty years previously. He pored over the passage, and I had the pleasure of seeing the grandson learning the lesson his grandfather had taught me.

'Mr. Gladstone was, I think, distinguished by the desire to master a subject in all its phases. The analogies of the Irish and the Welsh Churches on the Disestablishment question keenly interested him, and he frequently asked me questions in reference to the conditions and prospects of the Irish clergy after Disestablishment, as contrasted with the conditions and prospects in pre-Disestablishment times.'

Without any deep study of Irish history, Will's clear vision took him to the root of things, and his support of the Home Rule Bill was strong and unqualified. At the invitation

of Mr. Redmond, he attended the Irish Convention at Dublin on 23rd April 1912. Mr. Stephen Gwynne, M.P., wrote an account of it:—

'But then came the scene of the whole piece. Mr. Redmond announced the presence of Mr. W. G. C. Gladstone, M.P. If I had not seen it I could hardly have believed that any English name could have aroused such an outburst in Ireland. They seemed to go mad with the enthusiasm of their welcome. . . . Mr. Gladstone may speak to great audiences before he dies, but scarcely ever again to one so remarkable. In the peroration of his short speech he rose to a note of real oratory.'

It was a trying ordeal, but Will struck the right note:—

'All that it is possible for me to do on this great occasion is to tell you how deeply my feelings have been moved by the great tribute you have paid by asking me here to-day—a great tribute to the memory of one who devoted the closing years of a long life to a great struggle against tremendous odds for the domestic freedom of Ireland. And now to-day—some fifteen years since he passed away—we seem to stand near the end of that long and historic struggle.'

And he ended with these words :—

'Is it possible to think, to conceive of a nobler task that could be set before any people in the world than the task of making their own country happy, prosperous and great ? I ask no better way to do it than by trusting the endeavour to attain it to the people of the country itself. I for one believe that on the great day when the Irish nation takes over the Government of its own country—I for one believe that those who have hitherto said them Nay, will stand back amazed, and put to shame by the infinite solicitude and tenderness and affection and the forbearance with which the Irish people will nurse back to health and strength and to greatness the country that they love so well.'

In the following month he made an excellent debating speech in the House of Commons in support of the Second Reading of the Home Rule Bill.

Will was spared the pain of seeing the postponement of the Bill, so unsettling to all parties, the revival of reactionary forces, the growth of new and impossible demands because of long delays. The Irish question could have been settled in 1882, in 1886, in 1893 and in 1912. Through a century the changes have been rung

by Repealers, New Ireland men, Fenians, Home Rulers, Invincibles, Nationalists, and recently by Sinn Feiners. In this last stage the loss of Will's young enthusiasm and rising influence was a heavy blow to those steadfast in devotion to his grandfather's lofty and generous conception of what was due to Ireland.

Mr. Masterman, in the *Nineteenth Century* of May 1915, records the impressions of a 'well-known Conservative Member of Parliament':—

'He characterised Mr. Gladstone as no politician, and certainly as belonging to no party; only inspired with a strong sense of duty, first, to throw himself into the political career for which he had been trained from childhood, and, second, to adhere to the causes represented in history by the great name which he bore. He found in him a naturalness—an aloofness—almost the spirit of a child—which sharply divorced him from the world of compromise and competition which makes up the political arena. He noted a complete absence of intellectual passion, the very quality which his grandfather possessed in superabundant degree; yet combined with this absence a great gift of concentration and stern conviction which no appeal could change. At first he was repelled by an austerity and a pedantry which

hardly seemed fit company with youth; afterwards he found these amounted to a shyness and reserve, and a detachment from the genial, not too intellectually scrupulous ways of political life. Fresh, simple and full of vision, was his judgment upon him before the end. Meeting him in the street he would fling out impulsively, almost as a child, a graceful gesture and greeting. He was not the born politician. He was much too indifferent about what he said or did so far as its effect was operative upon others—upon what others would think of such careless utterances. In many conversations with him he noted an extraordinary independence of mind, and a refusal to be tied up by rule or precedent; a combination of a rare urbanity with a curious firmness and decision. He tried to please not by modifying the substance of what he had to say, but by endeavouring to put that substance in the most acceptable form. He would never, that is to say, simply to please, have compromised his conviction. He possessed the character of, and was capable of becoming an inquisitor or a martyr; in either case without passion; an austere, angular, grave, visionary nature.'[1]

A picture full of discernment. And to all who know the House of Commons it explains

[1] Reprinted by permission.

how this rare character won such hold on all parties in a very brief time. 'No assembly,' wrote Mr. Masterman, 'so cunningly as the House of Commons can detect the reality of belief, the flawlessness of temper, or the actual motives of those who there attack Governments they were elected to support, or policies with which they were supposed to be in agreement.'

Mr. Masterman sums up Will's Parliamentary life in an interesting passage :—

'And yet his enthusiasms were curiously limited. Home Rule of course came first; that was part of the family tradition and upbringing; and to bring Home Rule to Ireland I believe he would gladly have given his life. But, as I have said, he seemed to take no particular interest in all the new Social Reform movements and discussions which filled so large a place in public affairs before the War came and turned men's minds to other things. I cannot remember him making any speeches on that class of question which has come to be known as the "Condition of the People" problem—wages, employment, housing, land questions, and all similar problems which were fermenting all the time he was in Parliament. Here, as always, he went his own way, detached and quite indifferent to the atmosphere which

surrounded him. He spoke for Home Rule because he desired it; he criticised Welsh Disestablishment because, until they were amended, he considered some of the clauses unjust. On other subjects he voted, often for measures of advanced Radical and Socialistic Reform; but they did not move him intellectually to special enthusiasm, and it was quite impossible for him to feign an enthusiasm which he did not feel.'

But Will's enthusiasms were limited, probably because of his youth and his own temperament, which kept him always on guard against committing himself on matters he had not thought out for himself. His thoroughness in what he did may have suggested the idea of limitation which was more apparent than real. In the broad field of social questions Will was undeveloped. He had not been brought into personal contact with the conditions which appeal for sympathy and help. Individualist himself, Socialism had for him no theoretic or other attraction. He was no shouter for votes and distrusted party catch-words.

But apart from those general considerations, there is another and very simple explanation.

The impressions of the 'Conservative member' suggest a man whose gravity and austerity kept his mind bent on the study of large and difficult subjects, not only in the House of Commons but at all times. Free from the constraint of public affairs, and at home, he was a very different person. While he never neglected his public duties, his natural, keen, healthy love of nature, sport, fun, humour, company, broke out abundantly. In these matters he was still a boy. He was only a student under pressure. As the serious years of manhood arrived, he would have become more absorbed in serious matters. As it was, and apart from the more pressing calls of political and county life, the limitations noted by Mr. Masterman were due largely to the pressure of other attractions hardly to be realised by those who only knew him in the House of Commons. It would be very rash to assume that his enthusiasm could be measured by the subjects on which he spoke in the House and his comparative silence on other matters.

Will's relations with his constituents were not without some strain. His attitude on the

Welsh Church must have been distasteful to not a few of them, for Church politics in Scotland are apt to evoke 'dour' criticisms and opinions. Will's election agent, Mr. More, a very capable and staunch friend, wrote to him giving expression to serious uneasiness in the party ranks, and suggesting that he should address a meeting. Will, however, had made up his mind that disendowment should be limited to tithes. He asked that judgment might be postponed till the Bill had passed through all its stages, so that his constituents could review his action as a whole. He had laid down a principle, and whatever the result, he must adhere to it. With equal directness, he defended the action he took on the Parliament Bill and the Small Holdings Amendment (Scotland) Bill.

'A person,' wrote Lord Morley, 'who takes the trouble to form his own opinions and beliefs will feel that he owes no responsibility to the majority for his conclusions. . . . When he proceeds to apply his beliefs in the practical conduct of life, the position is different. There are now good reasons why his attitude should be in some ways less inflexible.'

Will's experience was just bringing him to the later stage. A continued believer in an extended franchise, and the inherent right of the people to elect men of their own choice, probably he had not fully thought out the net value of these powers to the voters, if to all representatives were conceded the independent action he claimed for himself.

The projected meeting never took place. It is not difficult to imagine its result. Will's constituents would have appreciated the courage and openness, if they did not agree with the action, of their young member. And though votes might have been lost, the majority would have stood by their representative because of his promise, his personality, and his sterling qualities.

When a man takes administrative office, or reaches the responsibilities of a position of influence, he finds the necessity for a closer understanding of the views and motives of those with whom he has to act, and his own ideas and formulas are put to a very searching test, if any progress is to be gained. When he sees that others hold, as firmly as he does, principles in conflict with his own, he may

learn that his own reasonings are faulty or inconclusive, or that some sacrifice of opinion is necessary for the common advantage. He has to consider the practical bearings and ethics of compromise. Will's sound judgment would have enabled him to find his feet in these matters.

Whatever the difficulties in the Kilmarnock Burghs might have been, when the end came all parties knew they had lost a very noble member, and critics saw in the last chapter of his life the clearest and best explanation of his actions as their representative.

Mr. Masterman expressed the view that Will's mind 'seemed to work much more on the lines of John Bright, who was perpetually astonished at the motives which drove men to get elected, and the things they wanted when they were members, than those of his own grandfather who so heartily enjoyed the whole party system and utilised the desires and longings of men.'

As a matter of fact, Mr. Gladstone did not 'enjoy' the party system. He saw chaos and confusion without the organisation of political forces. The party system gave the organisa-

tion. It was the best method which had been devised. It was an instrument of progress. He used it for want of a better, knowing full well its temptations and dangers. It was not congenial to him, nor can it be to men of energy and independence. And, surely, there is no parallel between the views of Mr. Bright and Will on this subject. Mr. Bright's mind was indeed of a most independent order. Yet he so clearly saw the necessity of party organisation that he co-operated with Mr. Cobden in forming the Anti-Corn Law League. And it was a party within a party. Mr. Bright was essentially a 'party' man in its truest and best sense. Even when the great convulsion on Home Rule came he only left one party to join another.

There is nothing whatever to show that Will experienced any difficulty in the party system. He chose Liberalism as his political creed. He accepted the party method, and in his short political life he had no occasion to question it. As with most sensible men, the broad principles of political faith governed his action. When he acted independently of his party he defended his votes on his interpretation of

those principles. He was a convinced and even a tenacious Liberal. Party leaders and managers are rightly tolerant of independence which is reasoned, clearly honest, and unselfish. He did not compromise his general allegiance. His action on two or three occasions caused trouble with some of his constituents. But they appreciated and trusted him and agreed to postpone discussion. Then came the War. Will, therefore, never had to face the practical consideration of the limits of independence under the party system. So long as a Member of Parliament can retain the confidence of his constituents, he holds a strong position in the House of Commons. Will had not lost that confidence. And his individuality, personal qualities, his genuine political faith, his name, and his youthfulness made his position unusually strong.

Many thought and asked, 'What of his future?' What would have been the effect on him of the temptations of opportunity and success, the buffetings, disappointments, disillusions, the wear and tear, the unavoidable compromises, the hard and trying necessities in public life under inexorable pressure to reconcile

public necessities with inner principle ? Speculation is interesting but unprofitable, for his own life is our great lesson. But one thing is certain. He was rooted in honour and in perfect integrity. Whether or no public life brought him a full measure of worldly success, he would always have been a shining light of personal example, an unfailing influence in maintaining and raising the standard of principle and action in all the ramifications, the intricacies, and the sophistries of political affairs.

VII

CHARACTER

WHEN Will spoke and created a reputation of his own in Parliament, veterans were keen and even prone to see in him traits and mannerisms characteristic of his grandfather. To those intimately acquainted with both, the physical resemblance was indeed fanciful. In build, colouring, action, they were wholly dissimilar. Nor indeed in mind and temperament was there any parallel. Diffident of his own powers, modest, shy, but never timid, Will only spoke on subjects which he had specially studied and thought out for himself. And even then he rarely let himself go. Politics were to him a duty rather than a pursuit. Hereditary acquirements seemed to come markedly from his mother's side. Physically he was a Blantyre. His mother's father, Lord Blantyre, exceptionally tall and of spare physique, was a great gentleman, of courtly manners, intensely shy, with a high sense of public and

personal duty, notable for decided Conservative views, directness of purpose, and a tenacious will. He married Lady Evelyn Leveson Gower, daughter of the 2nd Duke of Sutherland. A full measure of the grace and charm of her family passed to her children and to Will.

W. H. Gladstone died too soon to impress his own personality on his son. But he gave him his own modesty and reserve, his high and dignified outlook, and his intense love of country life.

Reserve, indeed, was one of Will's most marked qualities. It interested and not infrequently puzzled the family. It attracted the House of Commons. It gave strength to the expression of his views, saved him from most of the errors of youthful orations, and created in his case a well-founded impression that there was force behind it which would find development with advancing experience. In his own daily life, it is difficult to recognise any distinctive qualities as inherited from Mr. Gladstone. Severe discipline, tested by daily and privately recorded introspection, a life ordered by principles of religion, morals, duty, down to the minutest action, constant and

profound study always directed for definite purposes, regularity and precision, a detestation of disorder and waste in every form accompanied unfailingly the whole life of his grandfather in public and private from boyhood till death.

Will was of a mental build quite different. He worked at studies conscientiously, but without generating devotion to literature and without the idea of associating the reading of books with any wide definite scheme of mental development. To some extent this may have been due to the early loss of his father and his own delicate health as a boy. But by nature he was not a student. His directness in action when his mind was made up, and a certain austerity in matters of principle suggest inheritance. But heredity moulded him from the mother's rather than the father's side. He developed a personality which was peculiarly his own as boy and man. A personality not due to special intellectual qualities, but to high ideals, strong character, and the true courage which sweeps away disinclinations, weakness, selfishness, fears in discharging what he felt were moral and personal obligations.

Through boyhood, Eton, Oxford, Hawarden life, and his three years in the House of Commons alike appear the qualities in a continual process of development which prepared and strengthened him for the last supreme sacrifice. The firm basis was the 'impregnable rock' of religion. Belief in God and in Christ's teaching on earth, accepted simply and naturally from the first, unshaken by doubt, was his guide in life and the source of moral inspiration.

He pondered, observed, asked questions with no display of inner purpose, without a trace of spiritual conceit. He brought into public life the attractiveness of his very best personal qualities. That is the explanation in general terms of the marked position he so soon acquired in the House of Commons. Unmoved by ordinary though effective partisanship, somewhat suspicious when principle is put above party, the House loves the natural man and honest wrestlings of conscience. In its atmosphere most men are rarely themselves. Nervousness, timidity, an undue sense of personal importance, the desire to make a display, the wish to please every one, the burden of cramping electoral commitments, uncontrollable

ambition, may expose some undesirable realities, but they are weaknesses which frequently mislead judgment and screen high and admirable character and purpose.

From these imperfections Will was free. Nervous indeed he was. But nervousness is expected, and his strong memory counteracted its drawbacks. He possessed a name and a physical appearance which gave him the ear of the House. That he never lost it was because he was always himself. Courageous, modest, diffident of his own powers, hating display, a party man but with a keen sense of justice and fairplay, clear and accurate in the expression of what were obviously his own views, uninfluenced by personal ambition beyond the healthy wish to make 'a good score' for his own side of the question, he spoke openly, simply, argumentatively on matters within his capacities. Disagreement never lessened the hearer's sense that he spoke from conviction, with knowledge and conspicuous candour. Here was the distinction which arrested attention and compelled admiration. And here were qualities of promise. Men perplexed by balanced arguments, hampered by worldly or

personal considerations, welcomed the outspokenness of a free, honest judgment, as a touchstone of their own thoughts, as a beacon light on a difficult coast. And present performance was enriched by ideas of the future. So it was that to those who knew Will as boy and man, his success in the House of Commons did not come as a surprise. The strange and difficult atmosphere of the House was no impediment to a character so straight and firm. 'True as steel and pure as gold.' Will died as he had lived. That is the great fact. His life was blameless. It is not easy even to make the criticism inseparable from any close analysis of character and conduct. His independence of thought and judgment was interwoven with his views and actions, and gave them a texture strong and original. He carried into manhood the fascinating temperament of boyhood in its directness, fearlessness, and occasionally its assertiveness. When his mind was made up he was at times somewhat self-centred, over combative, and even peremptory on questions at issue. The fuller experience of life which should bring a more sympathetic sense of other people's views and convictions, with a decreasing

certainty in the accuracy of personal judgment, was not given to him. But in the light of his life, its real goodness and unselfishness, its devotion to duty, its steady movement upward to its noble end, criticism fades for lack of the material which alone could justify its presence in these pages.

VIII

THE ROYAL WELSH FUSILIERS

AUGUST 1914 opened full of black menace. It was a world crisis. The one possibility of peace lay in an honest and strong desire of every Great Power to maintain it. To Will the idea of war was detestable. It was alien from his mind and soul. 'The Five Nations of the Empire stand upon the brink of war, Why?' So ran an article in the *Times* of 1st August, and the question was answered in a formidable summary of the position as it was.

Two days later Will, in a rare disclosure of his inmost feelings, made a notable speech on the occasion of the annual Hawarden Flower Show:—

'I shall be borne out when I say that I have always avoided party politics at these functions. That rule I shall observe to-day, but I put it to you that I am not debarred thereby from discussing the foreign policy of this country, for it is a happy sign of the times that foreign

policy is being taken out of the sphere of party politics. That is a respect in which, I should conjecture, although I speak subject to correction, we have improved upon the political habits of our forefathers. Certainly in the last Unionist administration Lord Lansdowne's reign at the Foreign Office was unmarked by any general attack from his political opponents, and the way in which the Unionist Party has consistently abstained from attack upon Sir Edward Grey's administration and strengthened the hands of this country in its relations with foreign countries at critical moments like that of the Balkan War commands universal recognition and admiration, and so I say to discuss foreign affairs to-day is not to discuss party politics. Accordingly, men of all parties, without prejudice to their own principles and convictions, can at least unite in putting their heads together to decide what line this country should adopt in moments of acute international peril like the present moment. If all efforts for the preservation of peace fail, and continue to fail, and if it comes to a general war between the Powers on the Continent, in my judgment there is only one thing for our Government to do—let them fight it out by themselves. The opposing combinations of Powers are wonderfully well balanced. It is not a case of a big Power oppressing a little country

unaided and unsupported; but, owing to the way in which the countries concerned have combined, I say there is no call of chivalry, no call of knight-errantry, no obligation of honour or wisdom or of humanity which would justify Great Britain taking part in it. . . . On Friday there appeared in the *Times* a rather remarkable, very plausible, and dangerously ingenious article. . . . I oppose the view of the *Times* because it entirely fails to show what advantages war could bring us to be compared with all the horror, ruin, and ravages which it would entail. The *Times* says "a vital British interest is at stake," and that it takes two forms. The first is the general interest of European equilibrium, but "European equilibrium" sounds more like a test of sobriety than a battlecry. . . . The next statement of the *Times* with which I join issue is this: "The first principle of all British foreign policy" (it says) "is recognition of the fact that England, though an island, forms part of Europe." That is not a fair way of putting it. It is true that we are a European Power, but we are not part of the European Continent. We are an island, and that is the governing factor in the case. We have developed our sea power along the obvious lines of geographical necessity. We are a European Power, but we are a sea power and not a military power in Europe.

To us the waters that surround these islands are a rampart and a bulwark, for those waters carry on them our monster fleet, huge, overwhelming, preponderant. While that fleet is there Great Britain is unconquerable, and there is no fleet in the world which can overwhelm the British fleet, not even the fleets of any two countries together. That is where our power lies. Let us not seek to push our power beyond the limits of our fleet. Let us not seek to play a part in Europe which it would require our army to carry out. Let us only play such part as we can make good by our fleet. That is the utmost limit to which Britain can go in European affairs, and then only if mortal necessity arises. But to take part as a military power in the quarrels of the Continent is to ignore the facts that we are an island, that it is our sea power alone which makes us formidable, and that to supply a European army is a strain upon this country far too great to be borne. I can tell you here and now the only way it can be done—by conscription; that is the price this country must pay if it is to be a military power on the Continent of Europe. Don't be misled by being told that France only expects us to help her to the tune of one hundred thousand men and more. Don't be deceived; if once we send a single regiment across the Channel we commit

ourselves to send more if the first lot is not enough. We cannot leave them unsupported in event of defeat. We shall be liable to send every man in the country to their support. If this country goes in at all, it goes in to win, and once you send a brigade across the Channel you have committed yourself to send the whole British army after them in case of need.'

Will's general views were governed by a love of peace so intense that he would not admit the idea of war in the absence of the gravest obligations. He was no deep student of foreign policy. In the development of world politics he did not perhaps appreciate the limits of insularity. There were no actual commitments to France, and the crisis, instant as it was, had not yet, in the public eye, so far developed as to show that the *entente* on the one side, and German intentions on the other, imposed on the British the tremendous responsibility which a few days were to make manifest. The deliberate and ferocious invasion of Belgium by the Germans was yet to come. Will's convictions were for peace at any cost save honour, and he expressed them manfully as a matter of duty. His wholehearted allegiance to peace,

and the words of the last speech he was destined to make, enrich the action which was to follow. The invasion of Belgium shattered his hopes and his ideals. The position had entirely changed.

It is interesting here to recall Mr. Gladstone's words on the menace to Belgian neutrality in 1870. At Edinburgh, on 17th March 1880, he spoke of the action which he and his Government had taken ten years before :—

'We felt called upon to enlist ourselves on the part of the British nation as advocates and as champions of the integrity and independence of Belgium. And if we had gone to war we should have gone to war for freedom, we should have gone to war for public right, we should have gone to war to save human happiness from being invaded by tyrannous and lawless power. That is what I call a good cause, gentlemen. And though I detest war, and there are no epithets too strong, if you could supply me with them, that I will not endeavour to heap upon its head, in such a war as that, whilst the breath in my body is continued to me, I am ready to engage: I am ready to support it, I am ready to give all the help and aid I can to those who carry this country into it.'

In 1914 'tyrannous and lawless power' swept into neutral Belgium. The Great War began. And the grandson at once acted in the spirit and letter of his grandfather's words.

As Lord Lieutenant Will threw his whole energies into the work of recruiting. He wished to make personal appeals for the enlistment of young men. But how could he urge others to join the army while he, a young man not disqualified for military service, remained at home in safety? It was his duty to lead, and the best discharge of it lay in personal example. His position as Lord Lieutenant, Member of Parliament, and Squire of Hawarden might well have suggested a post of comparative safety, a staff appointment, something which might be held to be quite sufficient. For there was then no talk of conscription. Moreover, his health was still delicate, he possessed neither the training nor instincts of a soldier, war and fighting were repugnant to his whole moral and physical fibre. These matters had no weight with him. He was the only son of his mother, and what it meant to her he knew full well. He made up his mind in his usual quiet way.

Will's first idea was to enlist as a private. In August he consulted General Sir Henry Mackinnon, then holding the Western Command :—

'For various reasons I feel the time has come when I ought to enlist in His Majesty's Army. Heaven knows, so far from having the least inclination for military service, I dread it and dislike it intensely ; consistently with that I have no natural aptitude for it, and what is more, no training of any sort. I have never done a single minute's military training in my whole life, I am a rank although not a very robust civilian ; even my love of shooting has somehow never led to my learning to shoot with a rifle. I recall all that to your mind because I want to put it to you that under these circumstances there is only one thing for me to do, and that is to begin at the beginning and enlist as a private. I am not prepared to face the possibility, however remote, of being put in some post of responsibility without knowing the ropes very well and from the beginning. . . . I have decided not to enlist in any force which is confined to home defence, but one which in its turn will be called upon to go to the front.'

Sir Henry Mackinnon gave wise advice, and the result was that he received a com-

mission as 2nd Lieutenant in the 3rd Battalion of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, quartered at Wrexham, twelve miles from Hawarden.

In expressing at Hawarden his strong adhesion to a policy of non-intervention and peace, Will had the courage of his opinions. But when the actual position was revealed to him there was no hesitation. Keen for peace when there was no just cause for war, he was not less keen for action when Germany with cynical ruthlessness invaded 'a little country unaided and unsupported.' In a letter to Mr. Carnie, the Chairman of the Kilmarnock Liberal Association, he justified his action :—

'I am writing to you as Chairman of the Kilmarnock Burghs Council, to ask you to make it known among my constituents that if I do not visit them this autumn it must not be put down to any failing of courtesy or mindfulness of them on my part; on the contrary, I have borne in mind the hope that they will approve of their member having taken steps to join the Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

'There is more than one great principle at stake in this war—there is, in the first place, the uplifting of international morality by vindicating the sanctity of international treaties;

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this is simply a case where Great Britain has given her word of honour, and by it she must abide, however great the sacrifice and however much the benefit of that sacrifice must go to countries other than our own.

'Nor can I well be expected to refuse my allegiance to the upholding of the liberty and integrity of the smaller and weaker nations in the world by the larger and stronger. In this war we are fighting for the independence and restoration of Belgium, brutally outraged as that inoffensive nation, whose compass is so small but whose gallantry is so great, has undoubtedly been; we are fighting on the side of self-government for long-distressed Poland; Servia, too, elicits from us a degree of that admiration which must go forth to all small countries which defend themselves valiantly against a great and insatiable aggressor.

'Nor have we been guilty at the moment, when we are sacrificing much for the upholding of national independence, and when we are also receiving the abundant help of our self-governing dominions, of refusing self-government to Ireland.

'It is a war in which those of us who believe in the free and full development of the spirit of nationality, as well as in the sanctity of international treaties, may well endeavour to take what part they can.

'I do not know how long I may be separated from my constituents. It is not in my power to say, but I trust I shall go forth with their best and kindest wishes, just as on my side I shall always cherish their memory.

'By to-morrow, 26th September, I shall have been your member for three years, and very freely do I acknowledge—and profoundly appreciate—the overflowing kindness, tolerance, and hospitality shown to me during that time; I shall always count myself lucky to have represented the Kilmarnock Burghs in the House of Commons.'

Will received the unanimous approval of the Executive Committee:—

'We, the undersigned members of the executive of the Kilmarnock Liberal Association and Club, desire to give expression to the feeling of pride evoked among your constituents in our town by your patriotic action in joining His Majesty's Army at this time of national crisis. Assured as we are that the conscientious devotion to duty, which has characterised your service as our member, is the mainspring of your present action, our heartfelt wish is that you may be sustained in health and vigour till the day arrives when we shall have the happiness of welcoming you again among us.'

At Wrexham Will threw his whole mind into 'learning the ropes.' He found the training arduous, and was confirmed in the belief that he was not really fitted for soldiering. But he had put his hand to the plough and he worked hard and successfully. He never grumbled or regretted his decision. He had counted the cost, and faced the situation calmly and cheerfully.

His letters from Wrexham give the leading incidents of training. To his commanding officer, Colonel Jones Williams, Major Filgate, his Company Major, and the Adjutant, Captain Crawshay, he was sincerely attached. He liked his brother officers, and was surprised how well his health stood rough work and weather. He took the greatest interest in his men, and there are many evidences to show that his thoughtfulness and care won their appreciation and affection. He wrote frequently about Hawarden matters, and spent at home as many Sundays as possible. Occasionally he brought over brother officers to shoot. He turned his mind gravely to the difficult question of the Hawarden succession, consulting his relations and solicitors, and made his will. In

what he considered the best interests of the estate he provided that the estate should be entailed, and that the first tenant for life should be his Uncle Henry, subject to certain conditions, with remainder to his Uncle Stephen's eldest son, Albert Charles Gladstone, then 2nd Lieutenant 2/9th Gurkha Regiment. He appointed as executors his mother, Henry, and myself. Though his cheerfulness never abated, he seemed to have a presentiment that he would not survive.

So passed the time. He was at Hawarden on Sunday, 14th March. He did not know on which day he would have to leave for the Front. On the 15th the call came to start at four hours' notice. He wrote afterwards that all had come about just as he would have wished. He preferred to think of the last meeting in the quietude of home, free from the pain of spoken words.

IX

THE FRONT

A DRAFT of the 3rd Battalion of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers left Wrexham on 15th March to join the 1st Battalion in France.

A few days in a Base Camp at Havre followed, 'discomfort without heroism,' as he put it, and on the 21st he was ordered to join the 1st Battalion at the Front. 'I am so glad,' he wrote the same day. The following letters are all to his mother:—

'*March* 23, 1915.

'This morning, as soon as we had awoken, the German guns began to shell us. Our billets are well within their range. Personally, I am at one end of the townlet and they were shelling the middle and demolished a church. The noise is just like the tearing of calico, growing louder and louder until the explosion ends the rending sound. We were so distinctly not the object of their attention that one was not in the least excited. . . .

'I hope you have settled down now and got

resigned to my departure, but really you will be wrong if you regret my going, for I am very glad and proud to have got to the Front.

'It is not the length of existence that counts, but what is achieved during that existence, however short.'

'*March* 27.

'At 1.30 A.M. this morning we were woke up by an order to send out a digging party by 8 A.M. I went out with it, and we dug trenches all the morning in a little sunny orchard with bright green grass, some eight hundred yards behind our trenches. Aeroplanes were buzzing about and drawing a lively fire—one sees little bunches of white smoke, generally a little behind or below the machine, as the shell aimed at it explodes, but they don't really get desperately near to it; still Charlie [1] must have a dangerous job. . . . I encountered some dozen constituents, nearly all Kilmarnock men, in a draft of the Seaforth

[1] The second son of the Rev. S. E. Gladstone. He joined as an Intelligence Officer, being proficient in French and German. He left for the Front with the Expeditionary Force on 8th August 1914. He was then attached as an observer to the R.F.C. His machine was brought down in the enemy's lines on 30th April 1915, and he was taken prisoner. S. E. G.'s four sons all joined the army.

Albert, 2/5th Gurkhas. Mentioned in despatches.

Charles, Lieut. R.F.C. Observer.

Stephen D., Lieut. 2/9th Gurkhas. M.C. Mentioned in despatches.

William, 2nd Lieut. Coldstream Guards.

Highlanders at Harfleur; there were many more, but that was just in one walk through between the tents, and to-day I hunted out two from a half company of Royal Scots Fusiliers billeted near our trench digging, and interviewed them, so tell Evey that I am not allowing war to waste the whole of my time in respect of things more important. Boxing goes on these two last afternoons, under aeroplanes and interrupted by fire of huge guns. (You would jump.)

'I am very keen on getting into the trenches.'

Then next day he has his first experience of them.

'*March* 28.

'I write again so soon to describe my experiences of last night. I attached myself to a midnight digging party which my company was sending up to the trenches; it was a most curious experience; we marched about one and a half miles, then left the road by a track which soon led us into a communication trench, up which we filed after a longish wait; meanwhile intermittent rifle fire went on around us and machine guns, the reports sounding most startling, vicious and imminent.

'Eventually an Engineer Officer set us to throw up a parapet, so that troops might pass up to the fire trench; they had lost men coming up in the day and so wanted to do it by night.

I was not in charge of my party, so I wandered along the Fire Trench, immensely interested in the machine-gun redoubts, dug-outs, enclosures, and other things.

'I peeped over gingerly and saw dimly the German trench about the length of the terrace away, with stakes of our barbed wire in front; it was a sort of dim moonlight, occasionally lightened by flares sent up by the Germans, and rockets sent up by us; we ceased fire at one moment, because some of our engineers went out in front to look after the wire.

'I returned to where the party was digging, they were on the outside of the parapet they were making and presently a man was hit. I officiated and tied on the field dressing; the drawing-room effect of the incident, however, is ruined by the fact that he was hit in the posterior and not at all seriously injured, but we summoned the first aid people and had him looked after. Both your letters, one and two, have now arrived, it was very nice to get them—Please thank Connie.'

'*April* 3.

'There is really no more news. I had almost got rid of my touch of rheumatism, thanks to some Thermogene given me by the doctor when it recrudesced this morning, but did not disable one, and it is now again on the wane. The doctor, by the by (Lt. Kelsey Fry, R.A.M.C.),

is a man every one here swears by ; he is very competent, and the sort of doctor who always does the right thing for some reason or other, and puts his man on his legs again. He is a man of extraordinary bravery and has earned the V.C. they all say. . . . To-morrow is a whole holiday and actually an early service at Brigade Headquarters (April 4th),[1] which Ackerley and I accomplished. . . . Please let the Orphanage soldiers[2] know that they can wander over the Park Woods and Old Castle in case they don't do it. . . .'

'*April 6th.*

'There is an absence of news. Two German shells just landed about the cross roads near by, but then things came to a stop.

'In your next parcel could you send me a candle or two, not more than three ?

'News has just come that we are to move our billet again ; we retrace our steps into the town we were in at first, and then move out a mile or so in a S.E. direction towards the trenches, but though spent bullets will be passing over our billet—quite high up—we are apparently not intended to go into the trenches just yet after all.

'(April 7th.) We are just about to move now, probably we shall have a good deal of

[1] Easter Sunday.

[2] Mrs. Gladstone's Orphanage was being used for R.W.F. convalescent soldiers.

fatigue work, *i.e.* carrying ammunition up at night and making extra trenches, but still that is light work compared to the trenches themselves; also I suppose we shall be liable to be awoken at night if there is an alarm.

'Yesterday afternoon we were suddenly subjected to an examination in drill, which was rather formidable, but one scraped through all right.

'This morning the battalion was reviewed by the Brigadier-General, Lawford, who was pleased with us, I believe.

'This morning I got down to a town slightly in our rear and had a bath. What you read of these baths is quite true; they are splendid. I had a huge round tub full of glorious hot water, and a huge warm towel, soap, etc., and revelled in it for as long as I liked; it was extraordinarily well done, they bath about a 1000 a day I believe.

'(April 8th.) I got your letter of 3rd-4th yesterday. What made you think the parcels had not come? They have (although I am quite ready for another) and all the letters.

'The Orphanage soldiers seem having a top hole time.

'We got into our new billets last night after dark, and great was the confusion (three of our platoons and ourselves are in a big farm house, quite close to the trenches) trying to

get hold of the one or two men who had been sent on to prepare; at length I was indicated a huge barn piled high with straw (some sixteen feet). I was assured there was a ladder up it; when I tried to reveal some of the hidden attractions of the place with my electric torch, it brought the second in command round to insist that no light whatever must be shown, as it would be quite visible to the Germans, but I had discovered in time that six feet before the straw reached the far end it ceased, and there was a sixteen feet drop. Later I discovered another sixteen feet drop through a hole in the straw by all but sliding down into it, and in my anxiety to save another man from it I grasped him by the face. The wretched fellows didn't dare stir hand or foot all night—amusing, very.'

'*April* 10*th*.

'We have been definitely informed that we go into the trenches to-morrow night; one always seems to be called out upon a Sunday; curiously enough we are to hold the piece of trench I saw when I accompanied that digging party.

'I rather dread the work, because I am so unfamiliar with it, and one will omit things through innocence which are essential to the safety of one's men, but still they can't expect

one to know everything, but they are so familiar with it themselves they find it difficult to remember how much there is to learn, but I am delighted to get at the real thing at last. Will you send me some more sodamint—two or three of those little bottles would be useful. . . .

'Two parcels have just come, I must leave off to open them (your fault).

(*April* 11*th.*)

'A great success, *everything* will be of *greatest* help and niceness. The footballs are just what I wanted.

'We are busy sorting things for the trenches. You never take off your boots or your breeches at night, so far I have slept in my much-admired slumber suit every night. . . . Love to the girls.'

'The Trenches,
April 12, 1915.

'We came in here last night; it is a very new and strange phase of existence.

'I will record what happened actually to simplify the multitude of points worthy of notice.

'A guide from the company we were to relieve met us at dusk at our billet, and we marched off, soon reaching the trenches along a low-lying ditch in single file, welcomed by the whistle of stray bullets.

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FUNERAL PROCESSION PASSING THROUGH THE VILLAGE

'Eventually the four sections of my platoon were allocated to a certain frontage of the trench, and night sentries were posted. The officer's watches were then arranged—I took the middle one, 12 to 2 A.M. Just before getting to my first sleep I had to get up to circulate a message that the enemy had been strongly reinforced upon our right, and an extra sharp look-out would have to be kept.

'I got under an hour's sleep, then started on my two hours, which consisted of (1) making sure the sentries were awake by visiting them, and (2) going out a little way in front of the trench to visit listening posts at two spots, *i.e.* a group of four men pushed out in front of the parapet lying low in some hole in the ground to listen for movements of the enemy. I thoroughly enjoyed it, scrambled out over the top of the parapet to my two groups, fell prostrate over the barbed wire, was duly found by the now thoroughly awoken listening post—nearly slipped into an old deep trench full of water, and eventually got to sleep at 2.30—only to be awoken at 4 A.M. by the order to stand to, *i.e.* ready for an attack at dawn—everything was cold and miserable, and after such a short sleep one did not feel whether one was on one's head or feet—(I must now break off for a purpose, which I will tell you about to-morrow).'

On this letter his mother writes: 'This unfinished letter was his last to me. I found it in his writing-pad among his things returned to me from the Front.'

Will was struck in the forehead by a rifle bullet, and died painlessly after being unconscious for two hours. My brother Henry who went to the front as soon as possible, collected and recorded the facts.

'I saw Captain Blackall, Will's Company Commander. He spoke warmly of Will and of his quiet pluck. At the spot where he was killed, there had been some falling in of earth in the trench, and this place had a fascination for Will, who had done some restoration work there on the previous day. Once before when Captain Blackall had asked for him, he was told that Will was at his favourite spot. Being tall, he had been warned by Captain Blackall to be careful, but Will said he could not always be crouching, his men would think he was funking. As always, duty and example were in his mind, and nothing could move him from this. His fellow officer, Ledger, had been killed a very short time before by a bullet, as he was firing his last shot through a loophole before making over the rifle to a Sergeant. One more shot, he said, and that cost him his

life. Will was shot as he was trying to locate a German sniper, and probably Ledger's death, of which he knew, made him more than ever keen about this. As soon as he heard of Ledger being shot, thoughtful as ever he sought out the doctor to ask if he could do anything for him.

'At Regimental Headquarters we saw Colonel Gabbett, just returned from sick leave after being twice wounded, Major Dickson who had been in command, Captain Savage, Adjutant, and Lieutenant W. Kelsey Fry, R.A.M.C., who had attended Will when he was shot.[1]

'Colonel Gabbett deplored the tragedy, and said that Will was a born leader of men, that the men would have followed him anywhere, and that one and all loved him—his Company (E) worshipped him. Major Dickson also spoke in high terms of him. He told me that when Lieutenant Fry came to Will a few minutes after he was shot, his men had already bandaged his head so well that the doctor would not disturb him. Thinking that Will had a chance of life, and it being impossible to get him along the twisty trench, the doctor called for volunteers to get out of the trench and run the risk of taking him back across the open—the distance at that

[1] Shortly afterwards Colonel Gabbett and Captain Savage were killed. Major Dickson and Lieutenant Kelsey Fry were wounded in the same action.

spot between the German and British trenches being only one hundred yards. Corporal Welsh stood to his medical chief, and these two carried Will back some three hundred yards across the open in full view of the German trenches, followed by some bearers. There can be no doubt that this was a dangerous and most gallant act done in the hope of saving Will's life. Lieutenant Fry is noted for his bravery and is loved by all.'

It was the earnest wish of his mother that the body should be brought home, and Henry took prompt and effective action. He communicated with the Prime Minister, and by the permission of the King, the War Office gave the necessary instructions for 'the King's Lieutenant' to be brought home, and authorised Henry, accompanied by Mr. E. S. Wallis Roberts, to go to the Front to make all arrangements. Henry received every assistance from the military authorities, and in the early morning of 22nd April, arrived with Will at Hawarden. The body was placed in the Temple of Peace. The funeral on the following day showed how deeply and widely Will's loss was felt. The village was thronged. Tenants, and residents

generally, were present in full numbers. Personal friends who loved him came from afar. All the county associations and the societies with which Will was connected were represented. Many officers and men of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, in addition to the Guard of Honour, came to pay their last tribute. With full military honours, Will was laid to rest by the side of his father in the quiet churchyard of Hawarden.

So in a brief span of time Will lived and died. It is enough for us that he lived his short life joyously, working honestly, believing faithfully; that through self-discipline he trained himself constantly in the fulfilment of duty; that bravely, quietly, cheerfully he gave his life for his country.

His memory is treasured for what he was, for what he did, and it lifts the soul.

APPENDIX

MANY addresses and appreciations spoken and written about Will were very touching and greatly valued, and I have selected those which add interesting matter to the quotations already made.

From Colonel Jones Williams, 3rd Battalion Royal Welsh Fusiliers, who was Will's colonel during his course of training at Wrexham :—

To Mrs. W. H. Gladstone

'The Barracks,
'Wrexham, 17 *Ap.* 1915.

'Dear Mrs. Gladstone,—The news of your son's death came to us all here as a great shock, as it was only a few days ago I was reading a letter from him ; he was then quite well and happy in his new surroundings. On behalf of my Battn. please accept our heartfelt sympathy in your great and irreparable loss.

'Your son, whose career was not intended for a military one, when the call of duty came set an example by at once coming forward and training himself to take his place at the Front.

'Since he joined my Regt. he endeared himself to all those he came in contact with, and his sad death is regretted by all ranks.

'He was a keen and efficient soldier, working hard

to master all the details of the work. As his commanding officer, I cannot speak too highly of him, and feel the country has lost a man who would have made a great name had he lived to see the end of this wretched and cruel war.

'Again assuring you of our deepest sympathy,—
Yours sincerely, H. JONES WILLIAMS.'

An appreciation by the Rev. F. S. M. Bennett, Rector of Hawarden :—

'"Really you will be wrong if you regret my going, for I am very glad and proud to have got to the Front. It is not the length of existence that counts, but what is achieved during that existence, however short." So wrote Lieut. William Glynne Charles Gladstone to his mother one week before he was killed in action, and we, who know him, know that he wrote the words quite simply and meaning exactly what he said. His life and his death alike expressed the power of this conviction.

'Pure in heart and single-eyed to duty, just and tenacious of his purpose, charming in his manner, and sound in his judgment, he combined wonderfully a delightful modesty and gentleness of youth with the wisdom and firmness of much maturer years. In his presence no one said a wrong word or spoke evil of his neighbour or told a lie. He was a power for good. This is Hawarden's reckoning, and Hawarden knew him best.

'Less than thirty years—but in them, by the grace of God, Lieutenant Gladstone achieved a character, strong, pure, noble, beautiful; had he come to four-

score years, he could have taken nothing more or better with him beyond the grave ; less than thirty years—but sealed with the love than which no man hath greater, he laid down his life for his friends.

'F. S. M. B.

'23*rd April* 1915.'

Mr. J. A. Pease,[1] then President of the Board of Education, wrote to Mrs. Gladstone on 16th April 1915 :—

'When Will got into the House I asked him to become my Parliamentary Secretary, but he hesitated for some days. I was then much attracted by him ; his keen conscientiousness, his anxiety to think things out for himself, his anxiety to be free to take any course he felt right, independent of party, struck me as marking him out as a man of wonderful character and intense feeling.

'His sympathy with those in affliction, his anxiety to help, his abhorrence of wrong, and his sincerity and deep conviction marked him out as a man who would lead and influence others. He had an adorable nature. He was a true friend and delightful companion. We shall all miss him.'

The Liberal, Conservative, and Unionist Associations in the Kilmarnock Burghs recorded resolutions of sympathy and appreciation.

The Liberal resolution was as follows :—

'That we, the executive and members of the Kil-

[1] Now Lord Gainford.

marnock Liberal Association and Club, convened on the tragic occurrence of the death in action of our beloved Member, Lieut. Gladstone, desire to give expression to our profound sorrow, shared by the whole community, at the sudden termination of a life of so great usefulness and promise. We respectfully tender to his bereaved mother and sisters our heartfelt sympathy in the sore loss sustained by them, assuring them that our esteem for our late Member since his coming among us about four years ago has been enhanced by the nobility of his action in recent months, and that we shall cherish his memory not only as a politician of power and integrity, but as a patriot in the highest sense of the term. The influence of his winsome personality and lofty character will ever remain with us as a precious recollection and inspiration.'

The Chairman of the Conservative Association, in moving terms, expressed the views of political opponents :—

'Mr. Gladstone invariably bore himself with dignity and a certain reserve, coupled with a geniality which wore down feelings of opposition, and led us all to feel that while we did not agree with his political views, except when he happened with a discriminating spirit of independence to adopt our own, still we were bound to acknowledge that in Mr. Gladstone we were represented by a true gentleman of undoubted ability and strictest probity, who would fearlessly perform what he deemed to be his duty. In the short period

during which he had been privileged to represent us in Parliament he had inspired unbounded confidence among all classes. He came to us with an honoured name. He has enshrined that name in glory by meeting his death on the field of battle in defence of our hearths and homes, and in helping to destroy that insane spirit of militarism with which the Teutonic races of Central Europe have become imbued to their own near and inevitable destruction.'

The Conservative resolution read :—

'That this meeting of the General Committee of Kilmarnock Conservative Association, representing the whole members thereof, desire to place on record the profound regret with which they learned of the untimely death of Lieutenant Gladstone, the Liberal Member of Parliament for Kilmarnock Burghs, who died nobly and bravely fighting for his King and Country in Flanders. They take this opportunity of expressing their genuine appreciation of his sterling character, integrity, and unselfish patriotism, and of the independence and fairness with which he discharged his public duties, all of which earned for him universal respect and esteem. They respectfully tender to his sorrowing mother and sisters their heartfelt sympathy in their sad bereavement, and direct that a copy of this resolution be officially forwarded to them.'

These verses are reproduced, by permission, from the *Times*, in which they first appeared :—

FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION

IN MEMORIAM W. G. C. G.

1. One gave long years with heart and brain,
One youth's brief fiery blow,
For Freedom : whence the greater gain
Only the high gods know.

2. Φροντίδι δὴν σοφίᾳ τε γέρων ὁ μέν, αὐτὰρ ὁδ' ἄλλος
ἡλικίᾳ θαλερῇ προὐμάχετ', ἀμφότεροι
εἵνεκ' ἐλευθερίας. πότερον δὲ τὸ δῶρον ἄρειον
κρυπτὸν πᾶσι μένει πλὴν θεῷ οὐρανίῳ.

3. Consilio ille senex, stetit hic juvenilibus armis
Pro patriâ : palmas dividat ipse Deus.

In memory of Will his mother and sisters erected a Rood Cross in Hawarden Church, and it was dedicated on 13th April, the first anniversary of his death. A mural tablet bears the following record :—

TO THE GLORY OF GOD
AND TO REMEMBER A GALLANT SOLDIER PURE IN HEART
AND EVER LOYAL TO DUTY, WORTHY OF THE HONOURED
NAME HE BORE

WILLIAM GLYNNE CHARLES GLADSTONE
LIEUTENANT, ROYAL WELSH FUSILIERS
LORD LIEUTENANT OF THE COUNTY OF FLINT
MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT

The Holy Rood above this Chancel Arch was restored by his mother and sisters, while by his tenants and many friends from far and near the Gladstone Wards of the Chester Royal Infirmary were dedicated to the memory of the young Squire of Hawarden, who wrote in words and wrought in deeds in the trenches in France his life's own best motto :

It is not the length of existence that counts,
but what is achieved during that existence,
however short.

Less than thirty years—but crowned with the love than which no man hath greater, he laid down his life for his friends near Laventie, April 13th, 1915.

He was a veray parfit gentil Knyghte
God reste his Soule.

In the course of his address on the occasion of the dedication, the Bishop of St. Asaph (Dr. Edwards) giving as his text, 'He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it' (S. Matthew x. 39), said :—

'Love means self-sacrifice, and is strong only in weakness, for sacrifice is love in action. These central truths of our faith come home to-day to all of us with a strange, arresting, throbbing force. To-night heart and thought gather around him in remembrance of whom this memorial is dedicated. It is not easy to put into words what the heart feels, and so I turn to two pictures which are imprinted on my mind. They come from very different hands—one from a distinguished statesman, no less distinguished as a man of letters; the other from an unknown soldier and comrade. The statesman who had heard him speak at Oxford, as President of the Union, wrote thus: "The young Squire," as he called him—and as I think you called him—"has the root of the matter in him. He debated, put his case, came into contact with reality, was at ease, and without mannerism of any kind." That description, as the judgment of a highly-gifted and experienced mind, puts into words the impression made on those who heard the young Squire speak in Parliament. And then there is the other picture from the trenches where he fell: "He was a fine chap. If ever a fellow had a decent excuse not to go out he had. We went out together, and were at school and college together. He was a fine fellow. No advertisement! he just took on the often very boring job of a subaltern. No Press notices, no

Bell Jones, Hawarden

THE ROOD CROSS, HAWARDEN CHURCH, 1917

soft job. We miss him awfully! He is an enormous loss." Those words, written in the candour of a home letter, came from one who had known him from boyhood, who with the enthusiasm of youth looked up with admiration to the character of the young Squire, and joined the same battalion, and shared the same fate. I most vividly recall the visit the young Squire paid me when as patron he was called upon to appoint to this benefice. The transparency of his character, his high sense of duty and responsibility, his strong, clear conviction, with an added charm and dignified simplicity of manner—these things will always live in my memory! We think of him in all the promise and comeliness of youth, and we grieve at the shortness of such a life. Perhaps we forget that length and duration are ideas imposed upon us by the limits of human thought. What we mean by duration is only the measurement of one experience by another. He is with God, and the idea of duration has no longer any meaning, for God is all in all, and with the Lord one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day. Throughout our land is heard the voice of lamentation and weeping and great mourning for those who have fallen. The heart longs for them and yearns that they might have been spared to live longer, but it has not entered into the heart of man to conceive what is happening to them. We do not know what the life beyond may be. If we did know, we should walk by sight and not by faith. But of this we are fully assured—their image will abide with us and will always come between us and cowardice, and between us and selfishness. They have not lived

or died in vain, for they have left us a memory which will inspire others with the spirit that nerved them to make the supreme sacrifice.'

The Chester Infirmary

Tenants, friends, and the family generally, decided that Will's memory should be associated permanently with the relief of suffering. Accordingly, with the ready assent of the Board of Governors, an ophthalmic theatre and two adjoining wards, named the Gladstone Wards, were added to the Chester Royal Infirmary. The Infirmary serves the Hawarden district, and the addition was much needed.

The dedication, by the Bishop of Chester, took place on 15th April, and Viscount Bryce gave a noble address on Will and those who had fallen in the war. It is here reprinted in full :—

'It is most fitting, in a time like this, of such effort, such suffering, and such grief as our country has never known before, that when we wish to commemorate those who had been associated with events of the war, who had played a part and given their lives—such commemoration should take the form of some institution for the relief of suffering. And I think it is specially appropriate it should take this particular form, because among the many forms of suffering which the war had brought upon those who had fought in it none was more common, and none was more melancholy, than injury to or loss

of sight. These wards will be remembered in connection with the honoured name now attached to them; and those of you who are now the youngest will, when you come to be old, and when those who are younger ask you about the time of your youth, and you tell them of the awful ordeal through which Britain passed in these years wherein we stand now, you will remember, and point out, that among the things by which the war was commemorated, there were works of beneficence and mercy, works which were intended to show our sympathy with suffering, and our gratitude to God who is supporting us through these terrible days.

'Saddest, I think, among all the many sadnesses of this war is the death of the young. One of the most famous men of antiquity, in pronouncing a funeral oration over his Athenian fellow-citizens who had been killed in the greatest war of his time, and paying a tribute to their valour shown on behalf of their country, said, "When the young men are taken out of the city, the spring is taken out of the year." What he meant, I think, was this, that as the spring-time is the time of hope and promise, as it is the time when the seed is sown that is presently to ripen and give food for mankind, so youth is the time when those are being trained up, who in their maturer life are to be the strength and greatness of the next generation, who are to be its leaders and do all its best work—and when these young men are taken away, our hearts are sore for the next generation. How much they will want them! How many leaders of character and intellect, how many thinkers and writers and artists, how many men fitted to promote

the prosperity of the country in industry and commerce—how many of these we shall miss, and how much poorer the next generation will be for that! When we grieve for the young, we grieve not only for what they were to us as we knew them and loved them, but we grieve for what they might be, what they would have been, as we knew their characters, and we sorrow, not only because they have not been able to do things now, but because they have not been able to do the work which would have made them worthy, and their names famous, hereafter. The halls of poetry are full of the echoes of the lamentations of many a great poet over those who died young. From the lament of David over Jonathan, and the lament in the *Iliad* of Andromache over Hector down to our own times, or those just before us, the lament of Shelley over Keats, and the lament of Tennyson over his friend Arthur Hallam, there is no theme which more frequently recurs in poetry and which touches us more deeply. Among all those I cannot help recalling—because whenever I think of the illustrious grandfather of the friend whom we are here to mourn, I think of those classical studies which he loved so well, and I think that if it were possible for him to be with us to-day there is no language which the majestic shade of Mr. Gladstone—whom we all knew, whom you all knew here, admired and revered twenty years ago in that serene and stately old age—there are no words he would use more fittingly of his grandson than those which the great poet of Rome placed in the lips of the aged Trojan hero, speaking of his descendant, the young Marcellus, the rising hope of the Rome of his day,

who died in Virgil's own lifetime, and of whom the poet says, "Give me lilies with full hands, give me flowers that I may lay them upon the bier of young Marcellus, and may thus honour the soul of my descendant."

> ". . . manibus date lilia plenis
> purpureos spargam flores, animamque nepotis
> his saltem adcumulem donis, et fungar inani
> munere."

'Of all those who have fallen in this war, of all those many who answered the call of duty twenty months ago, there was certainly no one who was more upright, more pure, and no one who was more lovable, than young William Gladstone. He was simple and kindly; happy in his home; happy among his tenants; anxious to do his duty wherever his duty called him. Many, perhaps most of you, must have known him, and known his genial face and his pleasant manners, and all that made him attractive wherever he went. He was modest, and he was all the more modest on account of the great name he bore. He was unselfish and thought little of himself, and did not value highly—less highly than his friends did—his own performances. But though he was modest he was independent; he had his own opinions; he was not afraid to speak his opinions: he felt it a duty of conscience to think for himself and to say what he thought. He was perfectly straight and upright in every relation of life. He was incapable of anything that was below what a gentleman ought to do. Like his father—his genial and kindly father whom only the older of you can remember, though I knew him well—and like his

illustrious grandfather, he was a gentleman to the core. I can speak of him because I had the privilege of knowing him well when he served as an attaché in the Embassy at Washington some years ago. Everybody there became fond of him at once. No one, I think, in the whole diplomatic corps more quickly became popular in the society at Washington and was more valued, and liked there for his amiable qualities. I saw, even then, how anxious he was, in every way, to do his duty. He had, I think, no ambition for himself; no ambition of the sort that seeks for personal favour or distinction, but he had a strong sense that he was somehow called upon, in respect of his father and his grandfather, to enter political life, and when the opportunity for entering political life came he took it. He entered Parliament, and I have heard from all those who knew him in Parliament how quickly he made his way there, not by obtruding himself, but by his simple genial ways, by his innate desire to know what was true, and to do what was right; and when he spoke, which was not too often, he always spoke with an evident desire to help things forward, and to reach that which was true and right. As you know, he became Lord Lieutenant of this county. He was very diffident about accepting that post, and he consulted me about it, as he consulted, of course, his uncle and his other friends, and I had no hesitation in advising him to do it, for I felt perfectly certain that, young as he was, the innate strength and dignity of his character would fit him to fulfil the duties of that high office. And as you know, he devoted himself, when war broke out, to the duties of that office with the

utmost energy and earnestness. He did all that he could to induce people to enlist, and he took the greatest pains for the organising, and all the work in connection with, recruiting, and the care of recruits, and it was in the course of his doing so that it was borne in upon him that when he was urging others to come forward to help their country, he oughtn't to stay behind himself. He was a member of Parliament with his duties at Westminster; he was Lord Lieutenant of Flintshire with his duties here, but he felt, and he rightly felt, that, at such a moment as this, it might be expected of him that he should set an example, and that he ought to do so. He felt it to be his duty to his country; he felt it to be his duty to God. And as you know, he trained himself to be an officer. He went as a Lieutenant to France, and within a fortnight his end came. So he lived and so he died!—pure and tender, upright and gracious. And it is well when we grieve for those who have gone from us that we should feel when we are grieving for them, that we have nothing in their life to grieve for. What more can we think in praising any one, than that their life's course should have given us nothing to regret? I daresay you remember the lines in one of those poems of lamentation I have mentioned to you—the lines of Shelley, where he says:—

> "From the contagion of the world's slow stain
> He is secure. . . .
> Heaven's light for ever shines, earth's shadows fly."

'His life was short, but it was long enough to show what he was. It was long enough to enable

him to set an example. As he said himself, "It is not the length of existence that counts, but what is achieved in that existence, however short it may be." In that short life he set an example not only to those who were around him here, but to all of us—an example of devotion, an example of earnestness, an example of unselfishness. He was one of the many who answered the call which the nation made. How many have answered the call, and how many have gone! Never was there a time when so many of our best and noblest young men have gone from us—gone from us willingly because they felt it their duty; and never was there a time when their parents have shown such a noble example of uncomplaining patience under the loss that to them was the greatest that any loss could be. We may well feel proud, not only for the children, but for the parents in this time of ours, that they have willingly given their children, and that they have borne their loss with Christian dignity and patience and faith.

'These young men who have gone have set us a noble example, but they have done even more than that. They have given us a proof of what our country can produce. The old spirit of devotion is alive again in Britain. It is again the old England of ancestral fame! Some had thought that England had degenerated. But never has England shown herself worthier of the greatest traditions of her greatest days than she has done in these last months! An England that can do this is an England worth fighting for. Is not that the thought that thrills in all our breasts? Let us, who remain, be worthy of those who have gone! Let us, who remain, be worthy of

the country that could rear such children. They have revealed to us the soul of the nation, the inner spirit and life which is what counts in a nation. It is by its soul, far more than by its wealth or its prosperity, or its material strength that a nation lives, and while the soul of England lives, England will maintain her greatness. Let us then remember these young heroes who have gone from us—not altogether with sorrow, but also with a sort of solemn thankfulness—thankfulness to God who has strengthened them to do their duty, thankfulness to them who have strengthened and helped us all by the way they have done their duty. Not in vain have they given their lives for their country which is fighting for a cause to which honour and justice call her, a cause as righteous as any nation has ever sustained. The memories of these young heroes will, for us and for those who come after, shine like lights in the world, lights that will burn for ever, set up around the altar of patriotism and duty.

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